THE PICTVRE.

A TRAGECOMEDIE.

As it was often presented with good allowance, at the *Globe*, and *Blacke-Friers* Play-houses, by the Kings Majesties seruants.

Written by Philip Massinger.

LONDON.

Printed by *I. N.* for *Thomas Walkley* and are to be sould at his shoppe at the *Eagle* and *Child in Britaines Burse.* 1630.

Dramatis personæ.	The Actors names.
Ladislaus King of Hungarie.	*Robert Benfield.*
Eubulus an old Counsaylor.	*Iohn Lewin,*
Ferdinand Generall of the army.	*Richard Sharpe.*
Mathias a knight of *Bohemia.*	*Ioseph Taylor.*
Vbaldo,	*Thomas Pollard.*
Ricardo, 2. wild courtiers.	*Eylardt Swanstone.*
Hilario, seruant to *Sophia.*	*Iohn Shanucke.*
Iulio Baptista a great scholler.	*William Pen.*
Honoria the Queene.	*John Tomson.*
Acanthe a maid of honor.	*Alexander Goffe.*
Sophia wife to *Mathias.*	*Iohn Hunnieman.*
Coriscа, Sophias woman.	*William Trigge.*

6. Masquers.
6. seruants to the Queene
Attendants.

To my Honored, and selected friends of the Noble ſociety of the Inner Temple.

IT may bee obiected, my not inſcribing their names, or tittles, to whom I dedicate this Poem, proceedeth either from my diffidence of their affection to me, or their vnwillingnes to be publiſhde the Patrons of a trifle. To ſuch as ſhall make ſo ſtrict an inquiſition of mee, I truely anſwere. The *Play* in the preſentment found ſuch a generall approbation, that it gaue mee aſſurance of their fauour to whoſe protection it is now ſacred, and they haue profeſ'd they ſo ſincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they would haue freely granted that in the publication, which for ſome reaſons. I denide my ſelfe. one, and that is a maine one: I had rather inioy (as I haue donne) the reall proofes of their friendſhip, then mountebancke like boaſt their

numbers in a Catalogue. Accept it noble gentlemen as a confirmation of his ſeruice who hath nothing elſe to aſſure you, and witnes to the world how much he ſtands ingagd for your ſoe frequent bounties, and in your charitable opinion of me beleeue, that you now may, and ſhall euer command,

Your ſeruant

Philip Maſſinger.

To his worthy friend M^r. *Philip Maſſinger*, vpon his *Tragacomadie* ſtiled, *The Picture.*

ME thinkes I heere ſome buſy Criticke ſay
Who's this that ſingly vſhers on this Play?
'Tis boldnes I confeſſe, and yet perchance
It may be conſtur'd loue, not arrogance.
I do not heere vpon this leafe intrude
By prayſing one, to wrong a multitude.
Nor do I thinke that all are tyed to be
(Forc'd by my vote) in the ſame creed with me.
Each man hath liberty to iudge; free will,
At his owne pleaſure to ſpeake good, or ill.
But yet your Muſe alreadie's knowne ſo well
Her worth will hardly find an infidell.
Heere ſhe hath drawne a picture, which ſhall lye
Safe for all future times to practiſſe by.
What ere ſhall follow are but Coppies, ſome
Preceding workes were types of this to come.
'Tis your owne liuely image, and ſetts forth
When we are duſt the beauty of your worth.
He that ſhall dully read and not aduance
Ought that is heere betrayes his ignorance.
Yet whoſoeuer beyond deſert commends
Errs more by much then he that reprehends,
For prayſe miſplac'd, and honor ſet vpon
A worthleſſe ſubiect is detraction.
I cannot ſin ſo heere, vnleſſe I went
About, to ſtile you only excellent.
Apollo's guifts are not confind alone
To your diſpoſe, He hath more heires then one,

And

And ſuch as do derive from his bleſt hand
A large inheritance in the Poets land
As well as you, nor are you I aſſure
My ſelfe ſo enuious, but you can endure.
To heere their praiſe, whoſe worth long ſince was knowne
And luſtly to, prefer'd before your owne.
I know you would take it for an iniury,
(And 'tis a well becomming modeſty)
To be paraleld with *Beaumont*, or to heare
Your name by ſome to partiall friend write neere
Vnequal'd *Ionſon*: being men whoſe fire
At diſtance, and with reuerence you admir'd.
Do ſo and you ſhall find your gaine will bee
Much more by yeelding them prioritie
Then with a certainety of loſſe to hould
A fooliſh competition; Tis to bould.
A taſque, and to be ſhunde, nor ſhall my prayſe
With to much waight ruine, what it would rayſe.

Thomas Iay.

THE PICTVRE,

A true Hungarian Hiſtory.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Mathias *in armour*, Sophia *in a riding ſute*, Coriſca, Hilario *with other ſeruants.*

Mathias.

SInce we muſt part *Sophia*, to paſſe further
Is not alone impertinent but dangerous.
We are not diſtant from the *Turkeſh* campe
Aboue fiue leagues, and who knowes but ſome partie
Of his Timariots that ſcoure the countrey
May fall vpon vs, be now as thy name
Truely interpreted hath euer ſpoke thee,
Wiſe, and diſcreete, and to thy vnderſtanding
Marrie thy conſtant pacience.

Sophia. Yow put me Sir,
To the vtmoſt triall of it.

Mathias, Nay noe melting,
Since the neceſſity that now ſeperates vs,
We haue long ſince diſputed, and the reaſons
Forcing me to it, too oft waſh'd in teares,
I grant that you in birth were farre aboue mee,
And great men my ſuperiours riualls for you,
But mutuall conſent of heart, as hands
Ioynde by true loue hath made vs one, and equall;
Nor is it in me meere deſire of fame,

And such as do derive from his blest hand
A large inheritance in the Poets land
As well as you, nor are you I assure
My selfe so enuious, but you can endure.
To heere their praise, whose worth long since was knowne
And lustly to, prefer'd before your owne.
I know you would take it for an iniury,
(And 'tis a well becomming modesty)
To be paraleld with *Beaumont*, or to heare
Your name by some to partiall friend write neere
Vnequal'd *Ionson*: being men whose fire
At distance, and with reuerence you admir'd.
Do so and you shall find your gaine will bee
Much more by yeelding them prioritie
Then with a certainety of losse to hould
A foolish competition; Tis to bould.
A tasque, and to be shunde, nor shall my prayse
With to much waight ruine, what it would rayse.

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Of his Timariots that ſcoure the countrey
May fall vpon vs, be now as thy name
Truely interpreted hath euer ſpoke thee,
Wiſe, and diſcreete, and to thy vnderſtanding
Marrie thy conſtant patience.

Sophia. Yow put me Sir,
To the vtmoſt triall of it.

Mathias, Nay noe melting,
Since the neceſſity that now ſeperates vs,
We haue long ſince diſputed, and the reaſons
Forcing me to it, too oft waſh'd in teares,
I grant that you in birth were farre aboue mee,
And great men my ſuperiours riualls for you,
But mutuall conſent of heart, as hands
Ioynde by true loue hath made vs one, and equall;
Nor is it in me meere deſire of fame,

Or to be cride vp by the publike voyce
For a braue ſouldier that puts on my armour,
Such aerie tumours take not me you know
How narrow our demeanes are, and whats more
Hauing as yet no charge of children on vs
We hardly can ſubſiſt.
Sophia. In you alone ſir
I haue all abundance.
Mathias. For my minds content
In your owne language I could anſwere you
You haue beene an obedient wife, a right one,
And to my power, though ſhort of your deſert
I haue beene euer an indulgent husband.
we haue long inioyd the ſweets of loue, and though
Not to ſatiſfie, or lothing, yet
We muſt not liue ſuch dotardes on our pleaſures
As ſtill to hugge them to the certaine loſſe
Of profit, and preferment, competent meanes
Maintaines aquiet bed, want breeds diſſention
Euen in good women.
Sophia. Haue you found in me ſir
Any diſtaſt, or ſigne of diſcontent
For want of whats ſuperfluous?
Mathias, No *Sophia.*
Nor ſhalt thou euer haue cauſe to repent
Thy conſtant courſe in goodnes if heauen bleſſe
My honeſt vndertakings; 'tis for thee
That I turne ſouldier, and put forth decreſt
Vpon this ſea of action as a factor
To trade for rich materialls to adorne
Thy noble parts, and ſhow 'em in full luſtre.
I bluſh that other ladies leſſe in beauty
And outward forme, but in the harmonie
Of the ſoules rauiſhing muſicke the ſame age
Not to be nam'd with thee, ſhould ſo out ſhine thee
In iewels, and variety of wardrobes,

While

While you (to whose ſweet innocence both Indies
Compar'd are of no value) wanting theſe
Paſſe vnregarded.

Sophia. If I am ſo rich or
In your opinion, why ſhould you borrow
Additions for me?

Mathias. Why? I ſhould be cenſur'd
Of ignorance poſſeſſing ſuch a Iewell
Aboue all price, if I forbeare to giue it
The beſt of ornaments. Therefore *Sophia*
In few words know my pleaſure and obey me,
As you haue euer done to your diſcretion,
I leaue the gouernment of my family
And our poore fortunes, and from theſe command
Obedience to you as to my ſelfe,
To the vtmoſt of what's mine liue plentifully,
And ere the remnant of our ſtore be ſpent,
With my good ſword I hope I ſhall reape for you
A harueſt in ſuch full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.

Sophia. Since you are not
To be diuerted Sir from what you purpoſe
All arguments to ſtay you heere are vſeleſſe.
Goe when you pleaſe Sir, Eyes I charge you waſte not
One drop of ſorrow, looke you hoord all vp
Till in my widdowed bed I call vpon you,
But then be ſure you faile not. You bleſt Angels
Guardians of humane life, I at this inſtant
Forbeare t'inuoke you, at our parting 'twere
To perſonate deuotion. My ſoule
Shall goe along with you, and when you are
Circl'd with death and horrour ſeeke and finde you:
And then I will not leaue a Saint vnſu'd to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will doe in your abſence, would ſhew poorely,
My actions ſhall ſpeake me, 'twere to doubt you

To begge I may heere from you, where you are,
You cannot liue obſcure nor ſhall one poſt
By night, or day paſſe vnexamined by me.
If I dwell long vpon your lips, conſider
After this feaſt the griping faſt that followes
And it will be excuſable, pray turne from mee.
All that I can is ſpoken. *Exit Sophia.*

Mathias. Follow your miſtreſſe.
Forbeare your wiſhes for me, let mee finde'em
At my returne in your prompt will to ſerue her.

Hilario. For my part ſir I will grow leane with ſtudy
To make her merry.

Coriſca. Though you are my Lord,
Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place
I may take my leaue, your hand or if you pleaſe
To haue me light ſo high, ile not be coy
But ſtande a tiptoe for't;

Mathias. O farewell gyrle.

Hilario. A kiſſe well begg'd *Coriſca*,

Coriſca. Twas my fee,
Loue how he melts! I cannot blame my ladies
Vnwillingneſſe to part with ſuch marmulade lips.
There will be ſcrambling for'em in the campe,
And were it not for my honeſty I could with now
I were his leager landreſſe I would finde
Sope of mine owne, enough to waſh his linnen
Or I would ſtraine hard for't.

Hilario. How the mammet twitters!
Come, come my ladie ſtaies for vs.

Coriſca. Would I had beene
Her ladiſhip the laſt night.

Hilario. Noe more of that wench. *Exeunt Hilario.*

Mathias. I am ſtrangely troubled yet why I ſhould nouriſh
A furie heere, and with imagin'd foode.
Hauing no reall grounds on which to raiſe,
A buildings of ſuſpition, ſhe was euer

Or can be falſe heereafter I in this
But fooliſhly inquire the knowledge of
A future ſorrow, which if I find out,
My preſent ignorance were a cheape purchaſe
Though with my loſſe of beeing, I haue already
Dealt with a friend of mine, a generall ſcholler
One deepely read in natures hidden ſecrets,
And though with much vnwillingneſſe haue wone him
To doe aſmuch as Art can to reſolue me
My fate that followes to my wiſh, Hee's come. *Enter*
Iulio Baptiſta, now I may affirme *Baptiſta.*
Your promiſe, and performance walke together.
And therefore without circumſtance to the point,
Inſtruct me what I am.

Baptiſta. I could wiſh you had
Made triall of my loue ſome other way.

Mathias. Nay this is from the purpoſe.

Baptiſta. If you can,
Proportion your deſire to any meane
I do pronounce you happy I haue found
By certaine rules of Art your matchleſſe wife
Is to this preſent hower from all pollution
Free and vntainted.

Mathias. Good.

Baptiſta. In reaſon therefore
You ſhould fixe heere, and make no farther ſerach
Of what may fall heereafter.

Mathias. O *Baptiſta*
Tis not in me to maſter ſo my paſſions,
I muſt know farther, or you haue made good
But halfe your promiſe while my loue ſtood by,
Holding her vpright, and my preſence was
A watch vpon her; her deſires being met to
with equall ardor from me; what one proofe
Could ſhe giue of her conſtancy being vntempted?
But when I am abſent, and my comming backe

Vncertaine, and thoſe wanton heates in women
Not to be quench'd by lawfull meanes, and ſhee
The abſolute diſpoſer of her ſelfe,
Without, controule, or curbe nay more inuited
By opportunity and all ſtrong temptations
If then ſhe hold out.

Baptiſta. As no doubt ſhe will,

Mathias. Thoſe doubts muſt be made certainties *Baptiſta*
By your aſſurance, or your boaſted Art
Deſerues no admiration, how you trifle
And play with my affliction? I am on
The wracke till you confirme mee.

Baptiſta. Sure *Mathias.*
I am no God, nor can I diue into
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are
That is deni'd to art, and kept conceald
euen from the diuels themſelues: they can but gueſſe
Out of long obſeruation what is likely,
But poſitiuely to foretell that this ſhall be
You may conclude impoſſible, all I can
I will doe for you when you are diſtant from her
A thouſand leauges as if you then were with her
You ſhall know truly when ſhe is ſolicited,
Aud how far wrought on.

Mathias. I deſire no more.

Baptiſta. Take then this little modell of *Sophia*
With more then humane ſkill limde to the life
Each line, and lenament of it in the drawing
Soe punctually obſerued that had it motion
In ſo much 'twere her ſelfe.

Mathias, It is indeede
An admirable peece, but if it haue not
Some hidden vertue that I cannot gueſſe at
In what can it aduantage me?

Baptiſta. Ile inſtruct you,
Carry it ſtill about you and as oft

As you desire to know how shee's affected
With curious eyes peruse it while it keepes
The figure it now has intire, and perfit
She is not onely innocent in fact
But vnattempted: but if once it varie
From the true forme, and what's now white, and red
Incline to yellow rest most confident
Shees with all violence courted but vnconquerd.
But if it turne all blacke 'tis an assurance
The fort by composition, or surprize
Is forc'd or with her free consent surrenderd.
Mathias. How much you haue ingag'd me for this fauour,
The seruice of my whole life shall make good
Baptista. We will not part so, Ile along with you
And it is needfull with the rising Sun
The armies meete yet ere the fight begun
In spite of opposition I will place you
In the head of the Hungarian Generals troope
And neere his person.
Mathias. As my better Angel
You shall direct and guide mee.
Baptista. As we ride
Ile tell you more.
Mathias. In all things Ile obey you. *Exeunt*

Actus primi scæna secunda,

Enter Vbaldo, Ricardo.

Ricardo. When came the post?
Vbaldo. The last night.
Ricardo. From the campe?
Vbaldo. Yes as 'tis said, and the letter writ and signd
By the generall *Ferdinand*
Ricardo. Nay then sans question
It is of moment.

Vbaldo,

Vbaldo. It concernes the liues
Of two great armies,
Ricardo. Was it cherfully
Receiued by the King?
Vbaldo. Yes, for being assured
The armies were in view of one another
Hauing proclaimed a publicke fast, and prayer
For the good successe, dispatch'd a gentleman
Of his priuy chamber to the generall
With absolute authority from him
To trie the fortune of a day.
Ricardo. No doubt then
The Generall will come on and fight it brauely,
Heauen Prosper him, this militarie art
I grant to be the noblest of professions
And yet I thanke my stars for't I was neuer
Inclin'd to learne it, since this bubble honour,
(Which is indeede the nothing souldiers fight for
With the losse of limbes, or life) is in my iudgement
Too deare a purchase.
Vbaldo. Giue me our Court-warfare,
The danger is not great in the encounter
Of a faire Mistresse.
Ricardo. Faire and sound together
Doe very well *Vbaldo.* But such are
With difficulty to be found out, and when they know
Their value prizde too high. By thy owne report
Thou wast at twelue a gamester, and since that
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader
I'the streete with certaine danger to thy pocket,
To the great Lady in her Cabinet,
That spent vpon thee more in cullises
To strengthen thy weake backe, then would maintaine
Twelue Flanders mares, and as many running horses:
Besides Apothecaries and Chirurgeons bills
Payd vpon all occasions, and those frequent.

Vbaldo.

Vbaldo. You talke *Ricardo*, as if yet you were
A nouice in those misteries.
Ricardo. By no meanes,
My Doctor can assure the contrary,
I loose no time. I haue felt the paine and pleasure
As he that is a gamester, and playes often
Must sometimes be a looser.
Vbaldo. Wherefore then
Doe you enuy me?
Ricardo. It growes not from my want,
Nor thy abundance, but being as I am
The likelier man, and of much more experience,
My good parts, are my curses, there's no beauty
But yeeldes ere it be summon'd, and as nature
Had sign'd me the monopolie of maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I haue made my market,
Satiety cloyes me, as I liue I would part with
Halfe my estate, nay trauaile ore the world
To finde that onely Phœnix in my search
That could hold out against me.
Vbaldo. Be not rapp'd so:
You may spare that labour, as she is a woman
What thinke you of the Queene?
Ricardo. I dare no taime at
The petticoate royall, that is still excepted:
Yet were she not my Kings, being the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,
To write her in my catalogue, hauing inioy'd her
I would venter my necke to a halter, but we talke of
Impossibilities, as she hath a beauty
Would make old *Nestor* young, such maiesty
Drawes foorth a sword of terrour to defend it,
As would fright *Paris*, though the Queene of loue
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.
Vbaldo. Haue you obseru'd
The grauity of her language mix'd with sweetnesse?

Ricardo. Then at what distance she reserues her selfe
When the King himselfe makes his approaches to her,
Ubaldo. As she were still a virgine, and his life
But one continued wooing.
Ricardo. She well knowes
Her worth, and values it.
Ubaldo. And so farre the King is
Indulgent to her humors, that he forbeares
The duety of a husband, bxt when she calles for't.
Ricardo. All his imaginations and thoughts
Are buried in her, the lowd noyse of warre
Cannot awake him.
Ubaldo. At this very instant.
When both his life and Crowne are at the stake,
He onely studies her content, and when
She's pleas'd to shew her selfe, musicke and masques
Are with all care and cost prouided for her.
Ricardo. This night she promis'd to appeare.
Ubaldo. You may beleeue it by the diligence of the King
As if he were her harbinger,

Enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, *and attendants with perfumes.*

Ladislaus. These roomes
Are not perfum'd as we directed.
Eubulus. Not Sir,
I know not what you would haue, I am sure the smoke
Cost treble the price of the whole weekes prouision
Spent in your Maiesties kitchins.
Ladislaus. How ! I scorne
Thy grosse comparison. When my *Honoria*
Th'amazement of the present time, and enuy
Of all succeeding ages does descend
To sanctifie a place, and in her presence
Makes it a Temple to me, can I be

Too

Too curious, much leſſe prodigall to receiue her?
But that the ſplendour of her beames of beauty
Hath ſtrucke thee blinde?

Eubulus. As dotage hath done yon.

Ladiſlaus. Dotage, O blaſphemy! is it in me
To ſerue her to her merit? is ſhe not
The daughter of a King?

Eubulus. And you the ſonne
Of ours I take it, by what priuiledge elſe
Doe you reigne ouer vs? for my part I know not
Where the diſpairity lyes.

Ladiſlaus. Her birth old man,
Old in the Kingdomes ſeruice which protects thee,
Is the leaſt grace in her: and though her beauties
Might make the thunderer a riuall for her,
They are but ſuperficiall ornaments
And faintly ſpeake her, from her heauenly mind
Were all antiquity and fiction loſt
Our moderne Poets could not in their fancie
But faſhion a *Minerua* farre tranſcending
Th'imagin'd one, whom *Homer* onely dreamt of,
But then adde this, ſhe's mine, mine *Eubulus.*
And though ſhe know one glance from her faire eyes
Muſt make all gazers her idolaters,
Shee is ſo ſparing of their influence
That to ſhun ſuperſtition in others,
Shee ſhootes her powerfull beames onely at me.
And can I then, whom ſhe deſires to hold
Her Kingly captiue aboue all the world,
Whoſe Nations and Empires if ſhe pleas'd
Shee might command as ſlaues, but gladly pay
The humble tribute of my loue and ſeruice,
Nay if I ſayd of adoration to her
I did not erre?

Eubulus. Well, ſince you hugge your fetters
In loues name weare'em. You are a King, and that

Concludes you wise. Your will a powerfull reason,
Which we that are foolish Subiects must not argue.
And what in a meane man I should call folly,
Is in your Maiesty remarkable wisedome.
But for me I subscribe.

Ladislaus. Doe, and loooke vp:
Vpon this wonder.

Lowd musicke, Honoria *in state vnder a Canopy, her traine borne vp by* Silvia *and* Acanthe.

Ricardo. Wonder? it is more Sir.

Vbaldo. A rapture, an astonishment.

Ricardo. What thinke you Sir?

Enbulus. As the King thinkes, that is the surest guard
We Courtiers euer lie at. Was Prince euer
So drownd in dotage? Without spectacles
I can see a hansome woman, and she is so:
But yet to admiration looke not on her.
Heauen how he fawnes; and as it were his duty,
With what assured grauity she receiues it!
Her hand againe! O she at length vouchsafes
Her Lip, and as he had suck'd Nectar from it
How he's exalted! Women in their natures
Affect command, but this humility
In a husband and a King markes her the way
To absolute tyranie. So, *Iuno's* plac'd
In *Ioues* Tribunall, and like *Mercurie*
Forgetting his owne greatnesse, he attends
For her imployments. She prepares to speake,
What Oracles shall we heare now?

Honoria. That you please Sir,
With such assurances of loue and fauour,
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours Sir,
A matchlesse Queene, and one that knowes her selfe so,
Bindes me in retribution to deserue

This

The grace conferd vpon me.

Ladiſlaus. You tranſcend
In all things excellent, and it is my glory,
Your worth weigh'd truly to depoſe my ſelfe
From abſolute command, ſurrendring vp
My will and faculties to your diſpoſure:
And heere I vow, not for a day or yeere,
But my whole life, which I wiſh long to ſerue you:
That whatſoeuer I in iuſtice may
Exact from theſe my ſubiects, you from me
May boldly challenge. And when you require it,
In ſigne of my ſubiection, as your vaſſall,
Thus I will pay my homage.

Honoria. O forbeare Sir,
Let not my Lips enuie my Robe: on them
Print your alegiance often. I deſire
No other fealtie.

Ladiſlaus. Gracious Soueraigne,
Boundleſſe in bounty!

Enbulus. Is not heere fine fooling?
He's queſtionleſſe bewitch'd. would I were gelt
So that would diſenchant him. Though I forfeit
My life for it I muſt ſpeake. By your good leaue ſir,
I haue no ſute to you, nor can you grant one
Hauing no Power. You are like me a ſubiect.
Her more then ſerene Maieſty being preſent.
And I muſt tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,
Hauing depos'd your ſelfe to keepe your hat on,
And not ſtand bare as we doe, being no King,
But a fellow ſubiect with vs. Gentlemen vſhers
It does belong to your place, ſee it reform'd,
He has giuen away his Crowne, and cannot challenge
The priuiledge of his bonnet.

Ladiſlaus. Doe no tempt me.

Enbulus. Tempt you, in what? in following your example?
If you are angry queſtion me hereafter,

As *Ladiſlaus* ſhould do *Eubulus*
On equall termes, you were of late my ſoueraigne
But weary of it, I now bend my knee
To her diuinity, and deſire a boone
From her more then magnificence.
Honoria. Take it freely.
Nay be not mou'd, for our mirth ſake let vs heare him.
Eubulus, 'Tis but to aſke a queſtion, haue you ne're read
The ſtory of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*?
Honoria. Not as I remember.
Eubulus. I will then inſtruct you,
And tis to the purpoſe, this *Ninus* was a King,
And ſuch an impotent louing King as this was
But now hee's none, this *Ninus* (pray you obſerue me)
Doted on this *Semiramis*, a ſmiths wife,
(I muſt confeſſe there the compariſon holdes not,
You are a Kings daughter, yet vnder your correction
Like her a woman) this *Aſſirian monarch*
(Of whom this is a patterne) to expreſſe
His loue, and ſeruice, ſeated her as you are,
In his regall throne, and bound by oth his Nobles
For getting all allegeance to himſelfe
One day to be her ſubiects, and to put
In execution what euer ſhee
Pleaſ'd to impoſe vpon 'em, pray you command him
To miniſter the like to vs and then
You ſhall heare what follow'd.
Ladiſlaus. Well ſir to your ſtory.
Eubulus. You haue no warrant, ſtand by, Let me know
Your pleaſure Goddeſſe.
Honoria. Let this nod aſſure you.
Eubulus. Goddeſſe like indeede, as I liue a pretty Idoll,
She knowing her power wiſely made vſe of it
And fearing his inconſtancy, and repentance
Of what he had granted (as in reaſon Madam,
Ye may doe his) that hee might neuer haue

Power to recall his grant, or queſtion her
For her ſhort gouernment, inſtantly gaue order
To haue his head ſtrucke off.
Ladiſlaus. I'ſt poſſible?
Eubulus. The ſtory ſayes ſo and commends her wiſedome
For making vſe of her authority:
And it is worth your imitation Madam,
He loues ſubiection, and you are no Queene
Vnleſſe you make him feele the waight of it.
You are more then all the world to him, and that,
He may be foe to you, and not ſeeke change,
When his delights are ſated, mew him vp
In ſome cloſe priſon, if you let him liue
(Which is no policy) and there dyet him
As you thinke fit to feede your appetite
Since there ends his ambition.
Vbaldo. Diueliſh counſaile.
Ricardo. The King's amaz'd.
Vbaldo. The Queene appeares too full
Of deepe imaginations, *Eubulus*
Hath put both to it.
Ricardo. Now ſhe ſeemes reſolu'd
I long to know the iſſue.
Honoria deſcends.
Honoria. Giue me leaue,
Deare ſir to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old man out of enuy
Of your vnequal'd graces ſhowr'd vpon me,
Hath in his fabulous ſtory ſawcily
Applide to me, ſir that you onely nouriſh
One doubt *Honoria* dares abuſe the power
With which ſhee is inueſted by your fauour,
Or that ſhe euer can make vſe of it
To the iniury of you the great beſtower,
Takes from your iudgement, it was your delight
To ſeeke to me with more obſequiouſneſſe,

Then

Then I desir'd. And stood it with my duety
Not to receiue what you were pleas'd to offer?
I doe but act the Part you put vpon me,
And though you make me Personate a Queene,
And you my subiect, when the play your pleasure
Is at a period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,
And you my royall Soueraigne.

Ricardo. Admirable!

Honoria. I haue heard of Captains taken more with dangers
Then the rewards, and if in your approches
To those delights which are your owne, and freely
To heighten your desire, you make the passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you?
Or blame your fondnesse? Or can that swell me
Beyond my iust proportion?

Ubaldo. Aboue wonder!

Ladislaus. Heauen make me thankefull for such goodnesse.

Honoria. Now Sir,
The state I tooke to satisfie your pleasure
I change to this humility, and the oath
You made to me of homage, I thus cancell,
And seate you in your owne.

Ladislaus. I am transported
Beyond my selfe.

Honoria. And now to your wise Lordship,
Am I prou'd a *Semiramis*? or hath
My *Ninus*, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent th'excesse of fauour to me,
Which you ca'll dotage?

Ladislaus. Answere wretch.

Eubulus. I dare Sir,
And say how euer the euent may pleade
In your defence, you had a guilty cause;
Nor was it wisedome in you (I repeate it)
To teach a Lady, humble in her selfe

With

With the ridiculous dotage of a louer
To be ambitious.
Honoria. Eubulus, I am ſo,
Tis rooted in me, you miſtake my temper.
I do profeſſe my ſelfe to be the moſt
Ambitious of my ſex, but not to hould
Command ouer my Lord, ſuch a proud torrent
Would fincke me in my wiſhes; not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deſerue
And may with iuſtice challenge.
Eubulus. This I look'd for;
After this ſeeming humble ebbe I knew
A guſhing tide would follow.
Honoria. By my birth,
And liberall giftes of nature, as of fortune,
From you, as things beneath me, I expect
What's due to maieſty, in which I am
A ſharer with your ſouraigne.
Eubulus. Good againe!
Honoria. And as I am moſt eminent in place,
In all my actions I would appeere ſo.
Ladiſlaus. You need not feare a riuall.
Honoria. I hope not;
And till I finde one, I diſdaine to know
What enuie is.
Ladiſlaus. You are aboue it Madam.
Honoria. For beauty without art, diſcourſe, and free
From affectation, with what graces elſe
Can in the wife and daughter of a King
Be wiſh'd, I dare prefer my ſelfe.
Eubulus. As I
Bluſh for you lady, trumpet your owne prayſes?
This ſpoken by the people had beene heard
With honour to you; does the court afford
No oyle-tongu'd paraſite, that you are forc'd
To be your owne groſſe flatterer?

Ladislaus. Bee dumbe,
Thou ſpirit of contradiction.
Honoria. The wolfe
But barkes againſt the Moone, and I contemne it.
The maſque you promis'd.

Aberne. Enter a Poſt.

Ladislaus. Let 'em enter. How!
Eubulus. Heere's one, I feare vnlook'd for.
Ladislaus. From the Campe?
Poſt. The Generall victorious in your fortune,
Kiſſes your hand in this Sir.
Ladislaus. That great Power,
Who at his pleaſure does diſpoſe of battailes,
Be euer prais'd for't. Read ſweet, and peruſe it;
The *Turke* is vanquiſh'd, and with little loſſe
Vpon our part, in which our ioy is doubl'd.
Eubulus. But let it not exalt you, beare it Sir
With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.
Ladislaus. I vnderſtand thee *Eubulus*. Ile not now
Enquire particulars. Our delights defer'd,
With reuerence to the Temples, there wee'l tender
Our Soules deuotions to his dread might,
Who edg'd our ſwords, and taught vs how to fight.

Exeunt omnes.

The end of the firſt Act.

Actus secundi, Scæna prima.

Enter Hilario, Coriſca.

Hilario.

YOu like my ſpeech?

Coriſca. Yes, if you giue it action
In the deliuerie.

Hilario. If? I pitty you.
I haue plaide the foole before, this is not the firſt time,
Nor ſhall be I hope the laſt.

Coriſca. Nay I thinke ſo to.

Hila. And if I put her not out of her dumps with laughter,
He make her howle for anger.

Coriſca. Not too much
Of that good fellow *Hilario.* Our ſad Lady
Hath dranke too often of that bitter cup,
A pleaſant one muſt reſtore her. With what patience
Would ſhe indure to heare of the death of my Lord,
That meerely out of doubt he may miſcary
Afflicts her ſelfe thus?

Hilario. Vm, 'tis a queſtion
A widdow onely can reſolue. There be ſome
That in their husbands ſicknaſſes haue wep'd
Their pottle of teares a day: but being once certaine
At midnight he was dead, haue in the morning
Dri'd vp their handkerchers, and thought no more on't.

Coriſca. Tuſh, ſhee is none of that race, if her ſorrow
Be not true and perfit, I againſt my ſex
Will take my oath woman nere wep'd in earneſt.
She has made her ſelfe a priſoner to her chamber,
Darke as a dungeon, in which no beame
Of comfort enters. She admits no viſits;
Eates little, and her nightly muſicke is
Of ſighes and groanes tun'd to ſuch harmonie

Of feeling greefe, that I against my nature
Am made one of the consort. This houre onely
She takes the aire, a custome euery day
She solemnly obserues, with greedy hopes
From some that passe by to receiue assurance
Of the successe, and safety of her Lord:
Now if that your deuice will take

Hilario. Nere feare it:
I am prouided cap a pe, and hane
My properties in readinesse.

Sophia within. Bring my veile there.

Corisca. Be gone, I heare her comming.

Hilario. If I doe not
Appeare, and what's more, appeare perfit, hisse me.

Exit Hilario.

Enter Sophia.

Sophia. I was flatter'd once I was a Star, but now
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and like one
Hang in the aire betweene my hopes, and feares,
And euery howre the little stuffe burnt out
That yeelds a waning light to dying comfort,
I doe expect my fall and certaine ruine.
In wretched things more wretched is delay,
And hope a parasite to me, being vnmasqu'd
Appeares more horrid then despaire, and my
Distraction worse then madnesse: eu'n my prayers
When with most zeale sent vpward, are pull'd downe,
With strong imaginary doubts and feares,
And in their suddaine precipice orewhelme me.
Dreames, and phantasticke visions walke the round
About my widdowed bed, and euery slumber
Broken with lowd alarms: can these be then
But sad presages girle?

Corisca. You mak 'em so,
And antedate a losse shall ne're fall on you.
Such pure affection, such mutuall loue,

A bed, and vndefil'd on either part,
A house without contention, in two bodies
One will, and Soule like to the rod of concord,
Kissing each other, cannot be shortliu'd
Or end in barrennesse: if all these deare Madam
(Sweet in your sadnesse) should produce no fruite,
Or leaue the age no models of your selues,
To witnesse to posterity what you were
Succeeding times frighted with the example
But hearing of your story, would instruct
Their fairest issue to meete sensually,
Like other creatures, and forbeare to raise
True loue, or *Himen* Altars.

Sophia. O *Corisca*,
I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes,
And they are built vpon a weake foundation,
To raise me comfort. Ten long dayes are past,
Ten long dayes my *Corisca*, since my Lord
Embarqu'd himselfe vpon a Sea of danger,
In his deare care of me. And if his life
Had not beene shipwrack'd on the rocke of war,
His tenderneste of me (knowing how much
I languish for his absence) had prouided
Some trusty friend from whom I might receiue
Assurance of his safety.

Corisca. Ill newes Madam,
Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walkes on crutches:
With patience expect it, and ere long
No doubt you shall heare from him.

A sowgelders horne blowne. A Post.

Sophia. Ha! What's that?

Corisca. The foole has got a sowgelders horne
As I take it Madam.

Sophia. It makes this way still,
Neerer and neerer.

Corisca. From the Campe I hope.

Enter Hilario, *with a long white hayre and beard, in an anticke armour, one with a horne before him.*

Sophia. The messenger appeares, and in strange armour.
Heauen if it be thy will!
Hilario. It is no boote
To striue, our horses tir'd let's walke on foot,
And that the Castle which is very neere vs,
To giue vs entertainment may soone heare vs,
Blow lustily my Lad, and drawing nigh,
Aske for a Lady which is clep'd *Sophia.*
Corisca. He names you Madam.
Hilario. For to her I bring,
Thus clad in in armes, newes of a pretty thing,
By name *Mathias.*
Sophia. From my Lord? O Sir,
I am *Sophia*, that *Mathias* wife.
So may *Mars* fauour you in all your battailes,
As you with speede vnloade me of the burthen
I labour vnder, till I am confirm'd
Both where, and how you left him.
Hilario. If thou art
As I beleeue, the pigs-ney of his heart,
Know hee's in health, and what's more full of glee,
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.
Sophia. Haue you no letters from him?
Hilario. No more words:
In the Campe we vse no pens, but write with swords:
Yet as I am inioyn'd, by word of mouth
I will proclaime his deeds from North to South.
But tremble not while I relate the wonder,
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my voyce thunder.
Sophia. This is some counterfeit bragart.
Corisca. Heare him Madam.
Hila. The Reere march'd first, which follow'd by the Van,
And wing'd with the Battalia, no man

Durst

Durst stay to shift a shirt or louze himselfe;
Yet ere the armies ioyn'd, that hopefull elfe,
Thy deere my dainty duckling, bold *Mathias*
Aduanc'd, and star'd like *Hercules* or *Golias*.
A hundred thousand *Turkes*, it is no vaunt,
Assail'd him, euery one a Termagaunt;
But what did he then? with his keene edge speare
He cut, and Carbonadode 'em, heere, and there,
Lay leggs and armes, and as 'tis sayd truely
Of *Benis*, some he quarter'd all in three.

Sophia. This is ridiculous.

Hilario. I must take breath
Then like a Nightingale I'le sing his death;

Sophia. His death?

Hilario. I am out.

Corisca. Recouer dunder-head.

Hilario. How he escap'd I should haue sung not dide
For, though a knight, when I said so I lide.
Weary he was, and scarse could stand vpright
And looking round for some couragious Knight
To reskue him, as one perplex'd in woe
He cald to me, helpe, helpe *Hilario*,
My valiant seruant helpe.

Corisca. He has spoyld all.

Sophia. Are you the man of armes then? ile make bold
To take of your martiall beard, you had fooles hayre
Enough without it. Slaue, how durst thou make
Thy sport of what concernes me more then life,
In such an anticke fashion? am I growne
Contemptible to those I feed? you mignion
Had a hand in it to, as it appeares,
Your petticote serues for bases to this warrior.

Corisca. We did it for your mirth.

Hilario. For my selfe I hope,
I haue spoke like a souldier.

Sophia. Hence you rascall.

I neuer but with reuerence name my Lord
And can I heere it by thy tongue prophain'd
And not correct thy folly? but you are
Transform'd, and turnd Knight-errant, take your course
And wander where you please, for heere I vow
By my Lords life (an oath I will not breake)
Till his returne, or certainty of his safety,
My doores are shut against thee.

Exit Sophia.

Coriſca. You haue made
A fine peece of worke on't: how do you like the quality?
You had a fooliſh itch to be an actor,
And may ſtrowle where you please.

Hilario. Will you buy my ſhare?

Coriſca. No certainely, I feare I haue already
Too much of mine owne, I'le onely as a damſell
(As the bookes ſay) thus far helpe to diſarme you,
And ſo deere *Don Quixote* taking my leaue,
I leaue you to your fortune.

Exit Coriſca.

Hilario. Haue I ſweate
My braines out for this quaint and rare intention,
And am I thus rewarded? I could turne
Tragœdian, and rore now, but that I feare
'Twould get me too great a ſtomacke hauing no meat
To pacifie *Caleb*, what will become of me?
I cannot begge in armor, and ſteale I dare not;
My end muſt bee to ſtand in a corne feild
And fright away the crowes for bread, and cheeſe,
Or finde ſome hollow tree in the high way,
And there vntill my Lord returne liue ſwitches
No more *Hilario*, but *Dolorio* now.
Ile weepe my eyes out, and bee blind of purpoſe
To moue compaſſion, and ſo I vanith.

Exit Hilario.

Actus

Actus secundi Scæna secunda.

Enter Eubulus, Vbaldo, Ricardo, *and others.*

Eubulus. Are the gentlemen ſent before as it was order'd
By the Kings direction to entertaine
The Generall?
Ricardo. Long ſince, they by this haue met him,
And giu'n him the beinvenue.
Eubulus. I hope I neede not
Inſtruct you in your parts.
Vbaldo. How! vs my Lord!
Feare not, we know our diſtances and degrees
To the very inch where we are to ſalute him.
Ricardo. The ſtate were miſerable if the Court had none
Of her owne breede, familiar with all garbes.
Gracious in *England*, *Italie*, *Spaine* or *France*,
With forme, and punctuallity to receiue
Sranger *Embaſſadours*. For the Generall
Hee's a meere natiue, and it matters not
Which way we doe accoſt him.
Vbaldo. 'Tis great pitty
That ſuch as ſit at the helme prouide no better
For the tiraning vp of the Gentry. In my iudgement
An Academie erected, with large penſions
To ſuch as in a table could ſet downe
The congees, cringes, poſtures, methods, phraſe,
Proper to euery Nation.
Ricardo. O it were
An admirable piece of worke!
Vbaldo. And yet rich fooles
Throw away their charity on Hoſpitals
For beggers, and lame ſouldiers, and nere ſtudy
The due regard to complement and court-ſhip,
Matters of more import, and are indeed
The glories of a Monarchie.

Eubulus. Theſe no doubt
Are ſtate, points, gallants, I confeſſe, but ſure,
Our court needs no aydes this way, ſince it is
A ſchoole of nothing elſe: there are ſome of you
Whom I forbeare to name, whoſe coyning heads
Are the mints of all new faſhions, that haue donne
More hurt to the Kingdome by ſuperfluous braverie
Which the fooliſh gentry imitate then a war
Or a long famine, all the treaſure by
This ſoule exceſſe, is got into the marchants,
Embroiderers, ſilkemans, Iewellers, Taylors hand,
And the third part of the land to, the nobility
Ingroſſing titles onely.

Ricardo. My lord you are bitter.

Enter a ſeruant. *a trumpet,*

Ser. the Generall is alighted, and now entred.

Ricardo. Were he ten Generals I am prepard
And know what I will doe.

Eubulus. Pray you what *Ricardo*?

Ricardo. Ile fight at complement with him.

Vbaldo. Ile charge home to.

Eubulus. And thats a deſperate ſeruice if you come off well.

Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptiſta, two captaines.

Ferdinand. Captaine command the officers to keepe
The ſouldier as he march'd in ranke and file
Till they heare farther from me.

Eubulus. Heer's one ſpeakes
In another keye, this is no canting language
Taught in your Academie.

Ferdinand. Nay I will preſent you
To the King my ſelfe.

Mathias. A grace beyond my merit,

Ferdinand. You vndervalew what I cannot ſet
Too high a price on,

Eubulus. With a friends true heart
I gratulate your returne.

Ferdinande,

Ferdinando: Next to the fauour
Of the great King I am happy in your friendſhip:
Vbaldo. By courtſhip, courſe on both ſides,
Ferdinando. pray you receiue
This ſtranger to your knowledge, on my credit
At all parts hee deſerues it.
Eubulus. Your report
Is a ſtrong aſſurance to mee, ſir moſt welcome
Mathias. This ſayd by you, the reuerence of your age
Commands mee to beleeue it.
Ricardo. this was pretty.
But ſecond mee now, I cannot ſtoope too lowe
To doe your excellence that due obſeruance
Your fortune claimes.
Eubulus. Hee nere thinks on his vertue.
Ricardo. For beeing, as you are, the ſoule of ſouldiers,
And bulwarke of Bellona,
Vbaldo. The protection
Both of the court and King.
Ricardo. and the ſole mignion
Of mighty Mars
Vbaldo. One that with iuſtice may
Increaſe the number of the worthies.
Eubulus. hoye day.
Ricardo. It beeing impoſſible in my armes to circle
Such giant worth.
Vbaldo. At diſtance wee preſume
To kiſſe your honored gauntlet.
Eubulus. What replie now
Can he make to this fopperie?
Ferdinand. You haue ſayd
Gallants, ſo much, and hitherto done ſoe little,
That 't ill I learne to ſpeake, and you to doe:
I muſt take time to thanke you.
Eubulus. As I line
Anſwer'd as I could wiſh. How the fops gape now!

Ricardo. This was harſh, and ſcuruie.
Vbaldo. We will be reueng'd
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at him.
Eubulus. Nay doe your offices gentlemen, and conduct
The Generall to the preſence.
Ricardo. Keepe your order.
Vbaldo. Make way for the Generall.

Exeunt omnes prater Eubulum.

Eubulus. What wiſe man
That with iudicious eyes lookes one a ſouldier
But muſt confeſſe that fortunes ſwinge is more
Ore that profeſſion, then all kinds elſe
Of life purſu'd by man, they in a ſtate
Are but as chirurgions to wounded men
Euen deſperate in their hopes, while paine and anguiſh
Make them blaſpheme, and call in vaine for death;
Their wiues and children kiſſe the chirurgions knees
Promiſe him mountaines, if his ſaning hand
Reſtore the tortur'd wretch to former ſtrength.
But when grimme death by *Æſculapius* art
Is fi ighted from the houſe, and health appeares
In ſanguin colours on the ſicke mans face,
All is forgot, and asking his reward
Hee's payd with curſes, often receaues wounds
From him whoſe woundes hee curde, ſo ſouldiers
Though of more worth and vſe, meete the ſame fate,
As it is too apparent. I haue obſeru'd
In one hue.
When horrid Mars the touch of whoſe rough hand
With Palſies ſhakes a kingdome, hath put on
His dreadfull Helmet, and with terror fills
The place where helike an vnwelcome gueſt
Reſolue toreuell, how the Lords of her, like
The tradeſman, marchant, and litigious pleader
(And ſuch like *Scarabes* bred'ith dung of peace)
In hope of their protection humbly offer

Their

Their daughters to their beds, heyres to their ſeruice,
And waſh with teares, their ſweate their duſt, their ſcars,
But when thoſe clouds of war that menaced
A bloudy deluge to th' affrighted ſtate,
Are by their breath diſperſ'd, and ouer blowne,
And famine, bloud, and death Bellona's pages
Whip'd from the quiet continent to Thrace
Souldiers, that like the fooliſh hedge ſparrow
To their owne ruine hatch this Cuckow peace,
Are ſtraight thought burdenſome, Since want of meanes
Growing from want of action breedes contempt,
And that the worſt of ills fall to their lot
Their ſeruice with the danger ſoone forgot.

Enter a ſeruant.

Ser. The Queene, my Lord, hath made choyce of this roome
To ſee the maſque.
Eubulus. Ile be looker on
My dancing dayes are paſt.

Loud muſicke as they paſſe, a ſong in the praiſe of war, by Baldo, Ricardo, Ladiſlaus. Ferdin. and Honorius, Mathias, Silua, Acanthe, Baptiſta, and others.

Ladiſlaus. This courteſie
To a ſtranger My *Honoria*, keepe faire ranke
With all your rarities, after your trauaile
Looke on our court delights; but firſt from your
Relation, with erected eares i'll heare
The muſicke of your war which muſt be ſweet
Ending in victory.
Ferdinand. Not to trouble
Your maieſties with deſcription of a battaile
To full of horror for the place, and to
Avoyd perticulers which I ſhould deliuer
I muſt trench longer on your pacience then
My manner will gieue way to, in a word ſir

It was well fought on both ſides, and almoſt
With equall fortune, it concinuing doubtfull
Vpon whoſe tents plum'd victory would take
Her glorious ſtands, impatient of delay
With the flower of our prime gentlemen I charg'd
Their maine Bactalia, and with their aſſiſtance
Brake in, but when I was almoſt aſſur'd
That they were routed, by a *Stratagem*
Of the ſubtill *Turke*, who opening his groſſe body,
And ralyng vp his troopes on either ſide,
I found my ſelfe ſo far ingag'd (for I
Muſt not conceale my errors) that I knew not
Which way with honor to come off.

Eubulus. I like
A Generall that tells his faults, and is not
Ambitious to ingroſſe vnto himſelfe
All honour as ſome haue, in which with iuſtice
They could not claime a ſhare.

Ferdinand. Being thus hem'd in
Their Cimitars rag'd among vs, and my horſe
Kil'd vnder me, I euery minute look'd for
An honourable end, and that was all
My hope could faſhion to me, circl'd thus
With death and horror, as one ſent from heauen
This man of men with ſome choiſe horſe that followed
His braue examp'e, did purſue the tract
His ſword cut for'em, and but that I ſee him,
Already bluſh to heare what he being preſent,
I know would wiſh vnſpoken, I ſhould ſay ſir
By what hee did, we bouldly may beleeue
All that is writ of *Hector*.

Mathias. Generall
Pray ſpare theſe ſtrange Hyperboles.

Eubulus. Do not bluſh
To heare a truth, heere are a payre of Monſiuers
Had they beene in your place would haue run away

And nere chang'd countenance.

Vbaldo. We haue your good word ſtill.

Eubulus. And ſhall while you deſerue it.

Ladiſlaus. Silence, on.

Ferdinand. He as I ſayd, like dreadfull lightning throwne
From Iupiters ſhield diſperſd the armed Gire
With which I was enuirond horſe and man,
Shruncke vnder his ſtrong arme more with his lookes
Frighted, the valiant fled with which encourag'd
My ſouldiers (like young Eglets praying vnder
The wings of their fierce dame) as if from him
They tooke both ſpirit, and fire brauely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inſpir'd
With trebble courage, and ſuch as fled before
Bouldly made head againe, and to confirme 'em
It ſuddainely was apparent, that the fortune
Of the day was ours, each ſouldier and commander
Performd his part, but this was the great wheele
By which the leſſer mou'd, and all rewards
And ſignes of honour, as the *Ciuicke* garland,
The murall wreath, the enemies prime horſe,
With the Generals ſword, and armour (the old honors
With which the Roman crowne their ſeueral leaders)
To him alone are proper.

Ladiſlaus. And they ſhall
Deſeruedly fall on him, ſir, tis our pleaſure,

Ferdinand. Which I muſt ſerue, not argue,

Honoria. You are a ſtranger,
But in your ſeruice for the King, a natiue.
And though a free Queene, I am bound in duty
To cheriſh vertue whereſoere I find it:
This place is yours.

Mathias. It were preſumption in me
To ſit ſo neere you.

Honoria. Not hauing our warrant

Ladiſlaus. Let the maſquers enter by the preparation

Tis a French brawle, an apish imitation
Of what you really performe in battaile,
And *Pallas* bound vp in a little volume
Apollo with his lute attending on her
Serue for the induction.

Song and dance:

Enter the two Boyes, one with his lute, the other like Pallas. *A song in the prayse of souldiers, especially being victorious; the song ended the King goes on.*

Song by *Pallas*.

Though we contemplate to expresse
The glory of your happinesse,
That by your powerfull arme haue binne
So true a victor, that no sinne
Could euer taint you with a blame
To lessen your deserued fame.

Or though we contend to set
Your worth in the full height, or get
Celestiall fingers (crownd with bayes
With florishes to dresse your praise)
You know your conquest, but your story
Lives in your triumphant glory.

Ladislaus. Our thanks to all
To the banquet thats prepard to entertaine'em,
What would my best *Honoria?*
Honoria. May it please
My King that I who by his suffrage euer
Haue had power to command, may now intreat
An honor from him.
Ladislaus. Why should you desire

Who

What is your owne, what ere it be you are
The mistris of it.

Honoria. I am happy in
Your grant: my sute sir is, that your commanders
Especially this stranger, may as I
In my discretion shall thinke good, receiue
What's due to their deserts.

Ladislaus. What you determine
Shall know no alteration.

Eubulus. The souldier
Is like to haue good vsage when he depends
Vpon her pleasure? are all the men so bad
That to giue satisfaction we must
A woman threasourer, heauen helpe all.

Honoria. With you sir
I will begin, and as in my esteeme
You are most eminent expect to haue,
What's fit for me to giue, and you to take;
The fauour in the quicke dispatch being double
Goe fetch my casket, and with speed.

Eubulus. The Kingdome *Exit Acanthe.*
Is very bare of money: when rewards
Issue from the Queenes iewell house, giue him gold
And store, no question the gentleman wants it.
Good Madam what shall he doe with a hoop ring,
And a sparke of diamond in it, though you to oke it

Enter Acanthe.

For the greater honor from your maiesties finger,
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase
Rich suites, the gay comparison of court-shipp,
Reuell, and feast, which the war ended is
A souldiers glory, and tis fit that way
Your bountie should prouide for him

Honoria. You are rude,
And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.
What I will doe now, shall be worth the ceiling

Of *Cleopatra* open it, see heere *Honoria descends*
The *Lapidares* Idol gold is trash
And a poore salarie fit for groomes, weare these
As studded stars in your armour, and make the Sun
Looke dimme with iealousie of a greater light
Then his beames guild the day with: when it is
Expos'd to view, call it *Honorias* guift,
The Queene *Honorias* guift that loues a soulder,
And to giue ornament, and lustre to him
Parts freely with her owne, yet not to take
From the magnificence of the King, I will
Dispence his bounty to but as a page
To wait on mine, for other tosses take
A hundred thousand crownes, your hand deere sir,
And this shall be thy warrant. *Takes of the Kings signet.*

Eubulus. I perceiue
I was cheated in this woman now she is
I th' giruing veine to souldiers, let her be proud
And the King dote, soe she goe on, I care not

Honoria. This done, our pleasure is that all arrearages
Be payd in to the Captaines, and their troopes
With a large donatiue to increase their Zeale
For the seruice of the kingdome.

Eubulus. Better still,
Let men of armes be vsd thus, if they do not
Charge desperately vpon the Cannons mouth
Though the Diuell ror'd, and fight like dragons, hang me.
Now they may drinke sacke, but small beere, with a pasport
To begge with as they trauaile, and no money,
Turnes their red blood to butter milke.

Honoria. Are you pleas'd sir
With what I haue done?

Ladislaus. Yes, and thus confirme it,
With this addition of mine owne, you haue sir
From our lou'd Queene receaued some recompence
For your life hazarded in the late action,

And that we may follow her great example
In cherishing valor without limit, aske
What you from vs can wish

Mathias. If it be true,
Dread sir as 'tis affirmd, the euery soyle
Where he is well, is to a valiant man
His naturall country, reason may assure me
I should fix heere, where blessings beyond hope
From you the spring like riuers flow vnto me.
If wealth were my ambition, by the Queene
I am made rich already, to the amazment
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
The story of her bounty, if to spend
The remnant of my life in deedes of armes
No region is more fertill of good knights
from whom my knowledg that way may be beterd
Then this your warlike Hungary; if fauour,
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant
Far far beyond my merrit, I may make
In yours a free election, but alas sir
I am not mine owne, but by my destiny
(Which I cannot resist) forc'd to prefer
My countries smoke before the glorious fire
With which your bounties warme me all I aske sir
Though I cannot be ignorant it must rellish
Of foule ingratitud is your gracious licence
For my departure.

Ladislaus. Whether?

Mathias. To my owne home sir
My owne poore home, which will at my returne
Grow rich by your magnificence, I am heere
But a body without a soule, and till I finde it
In the embraces of my constant wife, & to set of that constancy
in her beauty and matchlesse excellencies without a riuall
I am but halfe my selfe.

Honoria. And is she then
So chast, and faire as you infer?

Mathias. O Madam,
Thoug it must argue weakenes in a rich man
To show his gold before an armed thiefe,
And I in praysing of my wife, but feed
The fire of lust in others to attempt her,
Such is my full sayld confidence in her vertue
Though in my absence She were now beseeg'd
By a strong army of lasciuious wooers,
And euery one more expert in his art,
Then those that tempted chast *Penelope*,
Though they raisd batteries by Prodigall guifts,
By admorous letters, vowes made for her seruice
With all the *Engins* wanton appetite
Could mount to shake the fortresse of her honor,
Heere, heere is my assurance she holdes out
kisse the pillowe.
And is impregnable.
Honoria. What's that?
Mathias. Her faire figure.
Ladislaus. As I liue an excellent face!
Honoria. You haue seene a better.
Ladislaus. I euer except yours, nay frowne not sweetest,
The Cyprian Queene compard to you, in my
Opinion is a *Negre*, as you orderd
I'll see the souldier payd, and in my absence
Pray you vse your powerfull arguments to stay
This gentleman in our seruice.
Honoria. I will doe
My parts.
Ladislaus. On to the campe.

Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Baptista, Captaines.

Honoria. I am full of thoughts.
And something there is heere I must giue forme to
Though yet an *Embrion*, you *Signiore*
Haue no businesse with the souldier, as I take it,

You are for other warfare, quit the place,
But be within call.

Ricardo. Imployment on my life boy.

Ubaldo. If it lie in our road we are made forever.

Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Honoria. You may perceiue the King is no way tainted
With the disease of iealousie, since he leaues mee
Thus priuate with you.

Mathias. It were in him Madam
A sinne vnpardonable to distrust such puresse,
Though I were an *Adonis.*

Honoria. I presume
He neither does, nor dares: and yet the story
Deliuered of you by the Generall
With your *Hercules* courage (which sinckes deepely
Into a knowing womans heart) besides
Your promising presence might beget some scruple,
In a meaner man, but more of this hereafter
I'll take another Theme now and coniure you
By the honors you haue woone, and by the loue
Sacred to your deere wife, to answere truely
To what I shall demand.

Mathias. You need not vse
Charmes to this purpose Madam.

Honoria. Tell me then
Being your selfe assur'd 'tis not in man
To sully with one sport th'immaculate whitenes
Of your wifes honor, if you haue not since
The Gordion of your loue was tide by marriage
Playd false with her?

Mathias. By the hope of mercy neuer.

Honoria. It may be, not frequenting the conuerse
Of handsome ladies, you were neuer tempted
And so your faith's a vertue yet.

Mathias. Surely Madam,
I am no woman hater, I haue beene,

Receiued to the ſociety of the beſt,
And faireſt of our climate, and haue met with
No common entertainement, yet nere felt
The leaſt heat that way.
Honoria. Strange, and doe you thinke ſtill
The earth can ſhow no beauty that can drench
In *Lethe* all remembrance of the fauour
Your now beare to your owne?
Mathias. Nature muſt find out
Some other mold to faſhion a new creature
Fairer then her *Pandora*, ere I proue
Guilty or in my wiſhes, or my thoughes,
To my *Sophia.*
Honorio. Sir conſider better
Not one in our whole ſex?
Mathias. I am conſtant to
My reſolution.
Honoria. But dare you ſtand
The opoſition, and bind your ſelfe
By oath for the performance?
Mathias. My faith elſe
Had but a weake foundation.
Honoria. I take hold
Vpon your promiſe, and inioyne your ſtay
For one month heere
Mathias. I am caught.
Honoria. And if I do not
Produce a lady in that time that ſhall
Make you confeſſe your error I ſubmit
My ſelfe to any penualtie you ſhall pleaſe
T' impoſe vpon me, in the meane ſpace write
To your chaſt wife, acquainte her with your fortune
The iewells that were mine you may ſend to her,
For better confirmation, I'll prouide you
Of truſty meſſengers, but how far diſtant is ſhe?
Mathias. A dayes hard riding.

Honoria. Thers no retiring
I'll bind you to your word.
Marbius. Well since there is,
Noe way to shun it I will stand the hazard
And instantly make ready my dispatch
'Till then, I'll leaue your maiesty.

Exit Marbius.

Honoria. How I burst
With enuie that there liues besides my selfe
One faire, and loyall woman, 'twas the end
Of my ambitions to be recorded
The onely wonder of the age, and shall I
Giue way to a competitor? nay more
To adde to my affliction, the assurances
That I plac'd in my beautie haue deceau'd me
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring
All hearts to my subiection, but this stranger
Vnmoud as rockes contemnes me, but I cannot
Sit downe so with my honor, I will gaine
A double victory by working him
To my desire, and raiace her in her honor
Or loose my selfe, I haue read that sometime poyson
Is vsefull, to supplant her ile imploy
With any cost *Sybilla*, and *Ricardo*
Two noted counsels of approued cunning
In all the windings of lusts labirinthe,
And in corrupting him I will out goe
Neros Poppæa, if he shut his eares,
Against my Siren notes, ile boldly sweare
Vlysses liues againe, or that I haue found
A frozen Cynike, cold in spite of all
Allurements, one, whom beauty cannot moue
Nor softest blandishments entice to loue.

Exit Honoria.

The end of the second Act.

Actus tertij, Scæna prima.

Enter Hilario.

THinne, Thinne, prouision, I am dieted
Like one set to watch hawkes, and to keepe me waking
My croaking guts make a perpetuall larum,
Heere I stand centinell, and though I fright
Beggers from my ladies gate, in hope to haue
A greater share I find my commons mend not.
I lookt this morning in my glasse the riuer
And there appeard a fish cald a poore Iohn
Cut with a lenten face in my owne likenesse,
And it seemd to speake and say good morrow confer:
No man comes this way but has a fling at me,
A Chirurgion passing by ask'd at what rate,
I would sell my selfe, I answered for what vse?
To make sayd he a liueing Anatomy
And set thee vp in our hall, for thou art transparent
Without dissection, and indeede he had reason,
For I am scourd with this poore purge to nothing.
They say that hunger dwels in the campe, but till
My Lord returnes, or certaine tidings of him
He will not part with me, but sorrowes drie
And I must drinke howsoeuer.

Guide. That is her castle

Enter Vbaldo, and Ricardo, Guide.

Vpon my certaine knowledge.

Vbaldo. Our horses held out
To my desire: I am a fire to be at it.

Ricardo. Take the iades for aby reward before I part hence,
I hope to be better carried, giue me the Cabinet.
Soe leaue vs now

Guide. Good fortune to you Gallants

Exit Guide.

Vbaldo.

Vbaldo. Being ioynt Agents in a deſigne of truſt to
For the ſeruice of the Queene, and our owne pleaſure,
Let vs proceed with iudgement.
Ricardo. If I take not
This fort at the firſt aſſault, make me an Euenuche,
So I may haue precedence.
Vbaldo. On no termes.
We are both to play one prize he that workes beſt
I'the ſearching this mine ſhall carry it
Without contention.
Ricardo. Make you your aproaches
As I directed
Vbaldo. I need no inſtruction
I worke not on your anuile, I'll giue fire
With my owne linſtocke, if the powder be dancke
The Diuell rend the touch-hole. Who haue we heere?
What ſkelliton's this?
Ricardo. A ghoſt! or the image of famine!
Where doeſt thou dwell?
Hilario. Dwell ſir? my dwelling is
I'th high way, that goodly houſe was once
My habitation, but I am baniſhed.
And cannot be cald home 'till newes arriue
Of the good knight *Mathias.*
Ricardo. If that will
Reſtore thee thou art ſafe
Vbaldo. We come from him
With preſents to his Lady.
Hilario. But are you ſure
Hee is in health?
Ricardo. Neuer ſo well, conduct vs
To the lady.
Hilario. Though a poore ſnake I will leape
Out of my ſkine for ioy, breake picher breake,
And wallet late my cubbard I bequeath thee
To the next begger, thou red herring ſwimme

To the reskew againe me thinckes I am already
Knuckle deepe in the flesh potts, and though waking, dreame
Of wine and plenty.
Ricardo. What's the misery
Of this strange passion?
Hilario. My belly gentlemen,
Will not geue me leaue to tell you, when I haue brought you
To my ladies presence I am disenchanted,
There you shall shall know all follow if I outstrip you
know I run for my belly.
Vbaldo. A mad fellow.

Exeunt.

Actus tertij, Scæna secunda.

Enter Sophia Coriſca.

Sophia. Do not againe delude me.
Coriſca. If I doe, ſend me a graſing with my fellow *Hilario*,
I ſtood as you commanded in the entrie
Obſeruing all that paſ'd by, a and euen now
I did diſerne a payre of Caualiers
For ſuch their outſide ſpoke them with their guide
Diſmounting from their horſes, they ſaid ſomething
To our hungry Centinell that made him caper
And friſh'ith ayre for ioy, and to confirme this
See Madam they in view.

Enter Hilario, Vbaldo, Ricardo.

Hilario. Newes from my Lord?
Tidings of ioy, theſe are no counterfaites,
But Knights indeed, deere Madam ſigne my pardon
That I may feed againe, and picke vp my crumes
I haue had a long faſt of it,
Sophia. Eate, I forgiue thee.
Hilario. O comfortable wordes, ſure I forgiue thee

And

And if in this *I* doe not soone obey you
And ramne in to the purpose billet me againe
I the high way, butler and Cooke be ready
For *I* enter like a tyrant.

Exit Hilario.

Vbaldo. Since mine eies
Were neuer happy in for sweete an obiect,
Without eniury *I* presume you are
The ladie of the house, and so salute you.

Ricardo. This letter with these iewels from your Lord
Warrant my boldnes Madam.

Vbaldo. in being a seruant
To such rare beauty you must needes deserue
This courtesie from a stranger.

Ricardo. You are still
Before hand with me, pretty one *I* descend
To take the height of your lippe, and if *I* misse
*I*n the altitude heereafter if you please
I will make vse of my *Iacobs* staffe,

Sophia hauing in the interime redd the letter and gend the Casket.

Corisca. These gentlemen
Haue certainely had good breeding, as it appeares
By their neat kissing, they hit me so bat on the lipps
At the first sight.

Sophia. Heauen in thy mercy make mee
Thy thankfull handmaid for this boundles blessing
*I*n thy goodnesse showr'd vpon me.

Vbaldo. *I* do not like
This simple deuotion in her it is seldome
Practisd among my mistresses.

Ricardo. Or mine
Would they kneele to *I* know not who for the possession
Of such inestimiable wealth before
They thank'd the bringers of it? the poore lady
Does want instruction, but *I* ill be her tutor

And read her another lesson.

Sophia. If I haue
Showne want of manners gentlemen in my showes
To pay the thankes I owe you for your trauaile
To doe my Lord, and me (howeere vnworthy
Of such a benifit) this noble fauour
Impute it in your clemencie to the excesse
Of ioy that ouer whelm'd me.

Ricardo. She speakes well

Vbaldo. Polite, and courtly.

Sophia. And howere it may
Increase th' offence to trouble you with more
Demandes touching my Lord, before I haue
Inuited you to rest, such as the courseneſſe
Of my poore house can offer, pray you continue
On my weake tenderneſſe though I inreate
To learne from you something hee hath it may bee
In his letter left vnmention'd.

Ricardo. I can onely
Giue you assurance that he is in health,
Grac'd by the King, and Queene

Vbaldo. And in the court
With admiration look'd on,

Ricardo. You must therefore
Put off these widdowes garments, and appeere
Like to your selfe.

Vbaldo. And entertaine all pleasures
Your fortunes markes out for you.

Ricardo. There are other
Perticular priuacies which on occasion
I will deliuer to you.

Sophia. You oblige me
To your seruice euer.

Ricardo. Good Lord your seruice, marke that.

Sophia. In the meane time by your good acceptance make
My rusticke entertainement (rellish of

The

The curiousnesse of the court.

Vbaldo. Your lookes sweete Madam
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

Sophia. It shall be
Such in the freedome of my will to please you.
I'll show you the way; this is to great an honor
From such braue ghests to me so meane an hostesse.

Exeunt.

Actus tertij. Scena prima.

Enter Acanthe, two, fower, or fiue with vizards.

Acanthe. You know your charge, giue it action, and expect
Rewards beyond your hopes.

1. If we but eye 'em,
They are ours I warrant you.

2. May we not aske why
We are put vpon this?

Acanthe. Let that stop your mouth,
And learne more manners groome, tis vpon the hower
In which they vse to walke heere, when you haue 'em,
In your power, with violence carry them to the place
Where I appointed, there I will expect you,
Be bold, and carefull.

Exit Acanthe.

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

1. These are they.

2. Are you sure?

1. Am I sure I am my selfe?

2. Cease on him strongly, If he haue but meant
To draw his sword. 'tis ten to one we smart fort.
Take all aduantages.

Mathias. I cannot guesse
What her intents are, but her carriage was
As I but now related.

Baptista. Your assurance
In the constancie of your lady is the armour
That must defend you, where she pleases.
Mathias, Heere.
And no way alter'd
Baptista. If she be not perfit,
There is no trusting art.
Mathias. By this I hope
She hath receiu'd my letters.
Baptista. Without question
These courtiers are rancke riders, when they are
To visit a handsome lady.
Mathias. Lend me your eare.
One peece of her entertainment will require
Your deerest priuacy.
1. Now they stand faire
Vpon 'em.
Mathias. Villaines.
1. Stop their mouths, we come not
To trie your valures, kill him if he offer,
To open his mouth, we haue you, tis in vaine
To make resistance, mount 'em and away.

Exeunt.

Actus tertij, Scena quarta.

Enter seruants with Lodouico, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus.

Ladislaus. 'Tis late go to your rest, but doe not envy
The happinesse I draw neere to.
Eubulus. If you inioy it.
The moderate way the sport yeelds I confesse
A pretty titillation, but to much oft
will bring you on your knees, in my younger dayes
I was my selfe a gamster, and I found

By

By a ſad experience, there is no ſuch ſoker
As a yonger ſpongie wife, ſhe keepes a thouſand
Hor ſeleches in her box, and the theeues will ſucke out
Both bloud, and marrow, I feele a kind of crampe
In my ioynts when I thinke o'it, but it may bee Queenes
And ſuch a Queene as yours is, has the are
Ferdinand. You take leaue
To talke my Lord.
Ladiſlaus. He may ſince he can do nothing
Eubu. If you ſpend this way to much of your royall ſtock
Ere long we may be puiſellowes.
Ladiſlaus. The doore ſhut,
Knocke gentle, harder. So, heere comes her woman,
Take of my gowne.

Enter Acanthe.

Acanthe. My Lord, the Queene by me
This night deſires your pardon,
Ladiſlaus. How *Acanthe*?
I come by her appointment 'twas her graut
The motion was her owne
Acanthe. It may be ſir
But by her Doctors Since ſhe is aduiſ'd
For her health ſake to forbeare.
Eubulus. I do not like
This phiſicall lecherie, the old downe right way
Is worth a thouſand out.
Ladiſlaus. Prethe *Acanthe.*
Meditate for me.
Eubulus. O the fiends of hell
Would any man bribe his ſeruant to make way
To his owne wife, if this be the court fare
Shame fall on ſuch as vſe it.
Acanthe. By this iewell
This night *I* dare not moue her, but to morrow
I will watch all occaſion
Ladislaus. Take this

To be mindfull of me *Exit Acanthe.*

Eubulus. Sight, I though a king
Might haue tooke vp any woman at the Kings Price
And must he buy his owne at a dearer rate
Then a stranger in a brothell?

Ladislaus. What is that
You mutter sir?

Eubulus. No treason to your honor
I'lle speake it out though it anger you, if you pay for
Your lawfull pleasure, in some kind great sir
What do you make the *Queene*, cannot you clicket
Without a fee for when she has a suit for you to grant?

Ferdinando. O hold sir.

Ladislaus. Off with his head.

Eubu. Do when you please, you but blow out a taper
That would light your vnderstanding, and in care of t
Is burnt downe to the socket, be as you are sir
An absolute monarch, it did show more Kinglike
In those libidinous Cæsars that compeld
Matrons, and virgins of all rankes to bow
Vnto their ratenous lusts, and did admit
Of more excuse then I can urge for you,
That slaue your selfe to th'imperious humor
Of a proud beauty.

Ladislaus. Out of my sight.

Eubulus. I will sir
Giue way to your furious passion, but when reason
Hath got the better of it I much hope
The counsaile that offends now, will deserue
Your royall thankes, tranquillity of mind
Stay with you sir. I do begin to doubt
Ther's something more in the *Queenes* strangnes, then
Is yet disclosd, and i'll find it out
Or loose my selfe in the serch.

Ferdinand. Sure He is honest,

And from your infancy hath truely ſeru'd you
Let that plead for him and impute this harſhnes
To the frowardnes of his age.
Ladiſlaus. I am much troubled
And do begin to ſtagger, *Ferdinand* good night
To morrow viſit vs, backe to our owne lodgings.

Exeunt.

Actus tertij, Scæna quinta.

Enter Acanthe, the vizarded ſeruants, Mathias, Baptiſta.

Acanthe. You haue donne bravely, locke this in that roome,
There let him ruminate, I'll anon vnhood him. *they carry*
The other muſt ſtay heere, as ſoone as I *of Baptiſta*
Haue quit the place giue him the liberty,
And vſe of his eies, that donne diſperſe your ſelues
As priuately as you can, but on your liues
No word of what hath paſ'd.

Exit Acanthe.

1. If I doe, ſell
My tongue to a tripe wife, come vnbind his armes,
You are now at your owne diſpoſure and howeuer
We vſ'd you roughly, I hope you will find heere
Such entertainment, as will giue you cauſe
To thanke vs for the ſeruice, and ſo I leaue you,

Exeunt ſeruants.

Mathias. If I am in a priſon 'tis a neat one,
What O edipus can reſolue this riddle? Ha!
I neuer gaue iuſt cauſe to any man
Baſely to plot againſt my life, but what is
Become of my true friend? for him I ſuffer
More then my ſelfe.
Acanthe. Remoue that diſfeare
Hee's ſafe as you are.
Mathias. Whoſo'ere thou art
For him I thanke thee, I cannot imagine
Where I ſhould be, though I haue read the table

Or errant knighthood, ſtuff'd, with the relations
Of magicall enchantments, yet I am not
So ſottiſhly credulous, to beleeue the dinell
Hath that way power, Ha? muſicke!

Muſicke aboue, a ſong of pleaſure.

The bluſhing roſe and purple flower,
Let grow to long are ſooneſt blaſted.
Dainty fruites, though ſweete, will ſower
And rot in ripenes, left vntaſted.
Yet here is one more ſweete then theſe
The more you taſt, the more ſhe'l pleaſe.

Beauty though incloſ'd with ice,
Is A ſhadow chaſt as rare,
Then how much thoſe ſweetes intice.
That haue iſſue full as faire,
Earth cannot yeeld from all her powers
One equall, for Dame Venus *bowers.*

A ſong too, certainely be it he, or ſhe
That owes this voyce, it hath not bene acquainted
With much affliction, whoſoere you are
That doe inhabit heere, if you haue bodies
And are not meere aeriall formes appeare

Enter Honoria.

And make me know your end with me, moſt ſtrange
What haue I coiur'd vp? ſure if this be,
A ſpirit 'tis no damn'd one what a ſhapes heere;
Then with what maiеſty it moues, *If Iuno*
Were now to keepe her ſtate among the Gods,
And *Hercules* to be made againe her gheſt
She could not put on a more glorious habit
Though her handmaid *Iris* lent her ya ious colours
Or ould *Oceanus* rauiſhd from the deepe

All

All iewels shipwrack'd in it, as you haue
Thus far made knowne your selfe, if that your face
Haue not too much diuinity about it
For mortall eies to gaze on, perfit what
You haue begun with wonder, and amazement
To my astonish'd senses, how the Queene *kneeles*
she puts of her masque.

Honoria. Rise sir, and heare my reasons in defence
Of the rape for so you may conceaue, which I
By my instruments made vpon you, you perhaps
May thinke, what you haue suffer'd for my lust
Is a common practise with me, but I call
Those euer shining lamps, and their great maker
As witnesses of my inocence, I ne're look'd on
A man but your best selfe, on whom I euer
(Except the King) vouchsaf'd an eie of fauour

Mathias. The King indeed, and onely such a King
Deserues your rarities Madam, and but hee
'Twere gyant like ambition in any
In his wishes onely to presume to tast
The nectar of your kisses; or to feed
His appetite with that ambrosia, due
And proper to a prince, and what bind mores
A lawfull husband, for my selfe great Queene
I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
All merit, that can rayse me higher then
In my most humble thankefulnes for your bounty
To hazard my life for you, and that way
I am most ambitious.

Honoria. I desire no more
Then what you promise, if you dare expose
Your life as you professe to doe me service,
How can it better be imployd, then in
Preseruing mine? which onely you can doe.
And must doe with the danger of your owne.

A desperate danger to, if priuate men
Can brooke no riuals in what they affect
But to the death pursue such as inuade
What law makes their inheritance, the King
To whom you know I am deerer then his crowne:
His health his eies his after-hopes with all
His present blessings must fall on that man
Like dreadfull lightning that is won by prayers,
Threates, or rewards to staine his bed, or make
His hop'd for issue doubtfull.

Mathias. If you aime
At what I more then feare you doe, the reasons
Which you deliuer should in iudgement rather
Deter me, then invite a grant, with my
Assured ruine.

Honoria. True if that you were
Of a cold temper one whom doubt, or feare,
In the most horrid formes they could put on
Might teach to be ingratefull, your deniall
To me, that haue deseru'd so much, is more
If it can haue addition.

Mathias. I know not
What your commandes are.

Honoria. Haue you fought so well
Among armi'd men, yet cannot ghesse what lifts
You are to enter when you are in priuate
With a willingly ladie, one, that to inioye
Your company this night deni'd the King
Accesse, to what's his owne, if you will presse me
To speake in playner language.

Mathias. Pray you forbeare,
I would I did not vnderstand too much
Already, by your words I am instructed
To credite that, which not confirmd by you,
Had bred suspition in me of vntruth
Though an Angell had affirm'd it, but suppose

That

That cloyd with happines (which is euer builte
On vertuous chaſtity, in the wantonneſſe
Of appetite, you deſire to make triall
Of the falſe delights propoſ'd by vitious luſt:
Among ten thouſand euery way moueable
And apter to be wrought on, ſuch as owe you
Obedience being your ſubiects, why ſhould you
Make choice of me a ſtranger?

Honoria. Though yet reaſon
Was nere admitted in the court of loue,
I'll yeeld you one vnanſwerable, as I vrg'd
In our laſt priuate conference, you haue
A pretty promiſing preſence, but there are
Many in limbes, and feature who may take
That way the right hand file of you, beſides
Your May of youth is paſ'd, and the blood ſpent
By woundes, though brauely taken, render you
Diſabld for loues ſeruice, and that valour
Set off with better fortune, which it may be
Swels you aboue your boundes is not the hooke
That hath caught me good ſir I need no champion
With his ſword to guard my honor, or my beauty,
In both I can defend my ſelfe, and liue
My owne protection.

Mathias. If theſe aduocates
The beſt that can plead for me, haue no power?
What can you find in me elſe, that may tempt you
With irrecouerable loſſe vnto your ſelfe
To be a gayner from me?

Honoria. You haue Sir
A iewell of ſuch matchleſſe worth and luſtre,
As does diſdaine compariſon, and darkens
All that is rare in other men, and that
I muſt or win, or leſſen.

Mathias. Yon heape more
Amazement on me, what am I poſſeſ'd of

That you can couet? make me vnderſtand it,
If it haue a name?

Honoria. Yes an imagin'd one,
But is in ſubſtance nothing, being a garment
Worne out of faſhion, and long ſince giuen ore
By the court and country, tis your loyalty,
And conſtancy to your wife, 'tis that I dote on,
And does deſerue my enuy, and that iewell
Or by faire play, or foule, I muſt winne from you.

Mathias. Theſe are meere contraries, if you loue me Madam
For my conſtancy, why ſeeke yo to deſtroy it?
In my keeping it preſerue me worth your fauour,
Or if it be a iewell of that value,
As you with labour'd rhetorick would perſwade me
What can you ſtake againſt it?

Honoria. A Queenes fame,
And equall honor.

Mathias. So whoeuer wins
Both ſhall be looſers.

Honoria. That is that I aime at,
Yet on the by I lay my youth, my beauty
This moiſt palme, this ſoft lippe, and thoſe delights
Darkeneſſe ſhould onely iudge of, do you find 'em
Infectious in the tryall, that you ſtart
As frighted with their touch?

Mathias. Is it in man
To reſiſt ſuch ſtrong temptations?

Honoria. He begins
To wauer.

Mathias. Madam as you are gracious
Grant this ſhort nights deliberation to me,
And with the riſing ſun from me you ſhall
Receiue full ſatisfaction.

Honoria. Though extreames
Hate all delay, I will denie you nothing,
This key will bring you to your friend you are ſafe both

And a'l things vſefull that could be prepar'd
For one I loue and honor waite vpon you,
Take counſaile of your pillow, ſuch a fortune
(As with affections ſwifteſt wings flies to you.
Will not be often tendred.

Exit Honoria.

Mathias. How my blood
Rebels! I now could call her backe and yet
Ther's ſomething ſtayes me, if the King had tenderd
Such fauours to my wife 'tis to be doubted
They had not bene refuſ'd, but being a man
I ſhould not yeeld firſt, or proue an example
For her defence of fraylty, by this ſans queſtion
She's tempted too, and heere I may examine

looke on the picture.

How ſhee holds out, ſhe's ſtill the ſame, the ſame
Pure Chriſtall rocke of chaſtity periſh all
Allurements that may alter me, the ſnow
Of her ſweete coldues, hath extinguiſhed quite
The fire that but euen now began to flame!
And I by her confirm'd, rewards, nor titles,
Nor certaine death from the refuſed Queene
Shall ſhake my faith, ſince I reſolue to be
Loyall to her, as ſhe is true to me.

Exit Mathias.

Actus tertij, Scena ſecunda.

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Ubaldo. What we ſpake on the voley begins to worke,
We haue layd a good foundation

Ricardo. Build it vp
Or elſe tis nothing, you haue by lot the honor
Of the firſt aſſault, but as it is condition'd
Obſerue the time proportion'd, I'll not part with

My

My ſhare in the atchieuement, when I whiſtle,
Or hemme fall off.

Enter Sophia.

Vbaldo. She comes Stand by, I'll watch
My oportunity.

Sophia. I find my ſelfe
Strangely diſtracted with the various ſtories
Now we l, now ill, then doubtfully by my ghests
Deliuer'd of my Lord: and like poore beggers
That in their dreames find treaſure, by reflection
Of a wounded fancie, make it queſtionable
Whither they ſleepe, or not; yet teickl'd with
Such a phantaſticke hope of happineſſe,
Wiſh they may neuer wake in ſome ſuch meaſure,
Incredulous of what I ſee, and touch
As 'twere a fading apparition, I
Am ſtill perplex'd, and troubled, and when moſt
Confirm'd tis true a curious iealouſie
To be aſſur'd, by what meanes, and from whom
Such a maſſe of welth, was firſt deſeru'd, then gotten
Cunningly ſteale into me, I haue practiſ'd
For my certaine reſolution with theſe courtiers
Promiſing priuate conference to either,
And at this hower, if in ſearch of the truth
I heare or ſay more, then becomes my vertue
For giue me my *Mathias*.

Vbaldo. Now I make in,
Maddam as you commanded I attend
Your pleaſure.

Sophia. I muſt thanke you for the fauour.

Vbaldo. I am no ghoſtly father, yet if you haue
Some ſcruples, touching your Lord, you would be reſolu'd of,
I am prepar'd.

Sophia. But will you take your oath
To anſwere truely?

Vbaldo. On the hemme of your ſmocke if you pleaſe

A vow I dare not breake it beeing a booke
I would gladly ſwere on.
Sophia. To ſpare ſir that trouble
I'll take your word which in a gentleman
Should be of equall value, is my Lord then
In ſuch grace with the Queene?
Vbaldo. You ſhould beſt know
By what you haue found from him, whether he can
Deſerue a grace or noe.
Sophia. What grace do you meane?
Vbaldo. That ſpeciall grace (if you'l haue it)
He laboured ſo hard for betweene a paire of ſheets
On your wedding night
When your Ladiſhip loſt you know what.
Sophia. Fie be more modeſt
Or I muſt leaue you.
Vbaldo. I would tell a truth
As cleanely as I could, and yet the ſubiecte
Makes me run out a little.
Sophia. You would put now
A fooliſh ieloufie in my head my Lord
Hath gotten a new miſtris.
Vbaldo. One? a hundred
But vnder ſeale I ſpeake it, I preſume
Vpon your ſilence, it being for your profit,
They talke of *Hercules*, backe for fifty in a night
'Twas well, but yet to yours he was a pidler
Such a ſouldier, and a courtier neuer came
To Alba regalis, the ladies run mad for him,
And there is ſuch contention among 'em
Who ſhall ingroſſe him wholy, that the like
Was neuer hard of.
Sophia. Are they handſome women?
Vbal. Fie noe courſe mammers, and whats worſe they are old
Some fifty, ſome threeſcore, and they pay deere for't
Beleeuing, that he carries a powder in his breeches

My ſhare in the atchieuement, when I whiſtle,
Or hemme fall off.

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Vbaldo. She comes Stand by, I'll watch
My oportunity.

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That in their dreames find treaſure, by reflection
Of a wounded fancie, make it queſtionable
Whither they ſleepe, or not; yet teickl'd with
Such a phantaſticke hope of happineſſe,
Wiſh they may neuer wake in ſome ſuch meaſure,
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To Alba regalis, the ladies run mad for him,
And there is ſuch contention among 'em
Who ſhall ingroſſe him wholy, that the like
Was neuer hard of.
Sophia. Are they handſome women?
Vbal. Fie noe courſe mammets, and whats worſe they are old
Some fifty, ſome threeſcore, and they pay deere fort
Beleeuing, that he carries a powder in his breeches

Will make 'em young againe, and these sucke shrewdly,
Ricardo. Sir I must fetch you off. *whistles.*
Vbaldo. I could tell you wonders
Of the cures he has done, but a buisnesse of import
Calls me away, but that dispatch'd I will
Be with you presently.
Keeps aside.
Sophia. There is somet hing more
In this then bare suspition.
Ricardo. Saue you lady
Now you looke like your selfe ! I haue not look'd on
A lady more compleat yet haue seene a Madam
Were a garment of this fashion, of the same stuffe to,
One iust of your dimensions, sate the wind there boy.
Sophia. What lady sir ?
Ricardo. Nay nothing, and me thinkes
I should know this rubie very good ? tis the same
This chaine of orient pearle, and this diamond to
Haue beene worne before, but much good may they do you
Strengh to the gentlemans backe he toyld hard for 'em,
Before he got 'em
Sophia. Why ? how were they gotten ?
Vbaldo hemms.
Ricardo. Not in the feeld with his sword vpon my life
He may thanke his close stilletto, plage vpon it
Run the minutes so fast, pray you excuse my manners
I left a letter in my chamber window,
Which *I* would not haue seene on any termes, fye on it
Forgetfull as I am, but I strayt attend you
Ricardo keps aside.
Sophia. This is strange his letters sayd these iewels were
Presented him by the Queene, as a reward
For his good seruice, and the trunckes of clothes
That followd them this last night, with hast made vp
By his direction.
Enter

Enter Ubaldo.

Ubaldo. I was telling you
Of wonders Maddam.
Sophia. If you are soe skilfull
Without premeditation answere me,
Know you this gowne, and these rich iewels?
Ubaldo. Heauen.
How things will come out, but that I should offend you,
And wrong my more then noble friend
Your husband for we are sworne brothers, in the discouery
Of his neerest secrets I could.
Sophia. By the hope of fauour
That you haue from me out with it.
Ubaldo. Tis a a potent spell
I cannot resist, why I will tell you Madam,
And to how many seuerall women you are
Beholding for your brauerie, this was
The Wedding gowne of *Paulina* a rich strumpet
Worme but a day when she married ould *Gonzago*,
And left of trading.
Sophia. O my hart.
Ubaldo. This chaine
Of pearle was a great widdowes, that inuited
Your Lord to the masque, and the wether proouing foule
He lodg'd in her house all night, and merry they were,
But how he came by it I know not.
Sophia. Periurd man!
Ubaldo. This ring was Iulietas, a fine peece
But very good at the sport, this diamond
Was Madam *Acanthes* giuen him for a song
prick'd in a priuate arbor, as she sayd
When the Queene askd for it, and she hard him sing to,
And danc'd to his horne pipe or there are lyers abroad
There are other toyes about you
The same way purchas'd but paraleld
With these not worth the relation.

You are happy in a husband neuer man
Made better vſe of his ſtrength, would you haue him waſt,
His body away for nothing? If he holds out,
Thers not an Embrodered peticote in the court
But ſhall be at your ſeruice.

Sophia. I commend him
It is a thriuing trade, but pray you leaue me
A little to my ſelfe.

Vbaldo. You may command
Your ſeruant madam, ſhe ſtung vnto the quicke ladd.

Ricardo. I did my part if this potion worke not hang me
Let her ſleepe as well as ſhe can to night, to morrow
Wee'll mount new batteries,

Vbaldo. And till then leaue her?

Exeunt Vbaldo, Ricardo

Sophia. You powers that take into your care, the gard
Of inocence ayd me, for I am a creature,
Soe forfeyted to diſpaire, hope cannot fancie
A ranſome to redeeme me, I begin
To wauer in my faith and marke it doubtfull
Whither the Saints that were canoniz'd for
Their holines of life ſind not in ſecret.
Since my *Mathias* is falne from his vertue
In ſuch an open faſhion, could it be elſe
That ſuch a huſband ſo deuoted to me,
ſo vow'd to temperance, for laciuious hire
Should proſtitute himſelfe to common harlots
Ould, and deform'd to waſt for this he left me?
And in a faind pretence for want of meanes
To giue me ornament? or to bring home
Diſeaſes to me? ſuppoſe theſe are falſe,
And luſtfull goates if he were true and right
Why ſtayes he ſo long from me? being made rich
And that the onely reaſon why he left me.
No he is loſt; and ſhall I weare the ſpoiles.

And Salaries of luſt? they cleaue vnto me
Like *Neſſus* poyſon'd ſhirt? no in my rage
I'll teare 'em of, and from my body waſh
The venome with my teares, haue I no ſpleene
Nor anger of a woman? ſhall he build
Vpon my ruins and I vnreueng'd
Deplore his falſhood? no? with the ſame traſh
For which he hath diſhonor'd me, I'll purchaſe
A iuſt reuenge, I am not yet ſo much
In debt to yeares, nor ſo miſſhap'd that all
Should flie from my Embraces, chaſtity
Thou onely art a name, and I renounce thee,
I am now a ſeruant to voluptuouſneſſe,
Wantons of all degrees and faſhions welcome
You ſhall be entertain'd, and if I ſtray
Let him condemne himſelfe, that lead the way. *Exit.*

The end of the third Act.

Actus quarti, Scæna prima.

Enter Mathias, Baptiſta.

Baptiſta. We are in a deſperat ſtraight, ther's no euaſion
Nor hope left to come of, but by your yeelding
To the neceſſity, you muſt faine a grant
To her violent paſſion, or
Mathias. What my *Baptiſta*?
Baptiſta. We are but dead elſe.
Mathias. Were the ſword now heau'd vp,
And my necke vpon the blocke, I would not buy
An howers repriue with the loſſe of faith and vertue
To be made immortall heere, art thou a ſcholler
Nay almoſt without paralell, and yet feare

To dye which is incuitable you may vrge
The many yeeres that by the course of nature
We may trauaile in this tedious pilgrimage,
And hou'd it as a blessing, as it is
When innocence is our guid, yet know *Baptista*
Our vertues are preseru'd before our yeeres
By the great iudge to dye vntaynted in
Our fame, and reputation is the greatest
And to loose that can we desire to liue?
Or shall I for a momentary pleasure
Which soone comes to a period, to all times
Haue breach of faith and periury remembred
In a still liuing Epitath, no *Baptist*,
Since my *Sophia* will go to her graue
Vnspotted in her faith, *I'll* follow her
With equall loyalty, but looke on this
your owne great worke, your masterpeese, and then
She being still the same teach me to alter.
Ha I sure I doe not sleepe or if I dreame, *The pi-*
This is a terrible vision I I will cleare *cture altred.*
My eiesight, perhaps melancholly makes me
See that which is not.

Baptista. It is to apparent,
I grieue to looke vpon't, besides the yellow
That does assure she's tempted there are lines
Of a darke colour, that disperse themselues
Ore euery miniature of her face, and those
Confirme.

Mathias. She is turnd whore.

Baptista. I must not say so.
Yet as a friend to truth if you will haue me
Interpret it, in her consent, and wishes
She's false but not in fact yet.

Mathias. Fa? *Baptista*?
Make not your selfe a pandar to her loosenes,
In labouring to palliate what a vizard

Of

Of impudence cannot couer did ere woman
In her will decline from chastety, but found meanes
To giue her hot lust fuell? it is more
Impossible in nature for grosse bodies
Descending of themselues, to hang in the ayre,
Or with my single arme to vnderprop
A falling tower, nay in its violent course
To stoppe the lightning then to stay a woman
Hurried by two furies lust and falshood
In her full carier to wickednes.

Baptista. Pray you tempter
The violence of your passion.

Mathias. In extreames
Of this condition, can it be in man
To vse a moderation? I am throwne
From a steepe rocke headlong into a gulph
Of misery, and find my selfe past hope
In the same moment that I aprehend
That I am falling and this the figure of
My Idoll few howers since, while she cotinued
In her perfection that was late a mirror
In which I saw miracules shapes of duty,
Stayd manners with all excellency a husband
Could wish in a chast wife, is on the suddaine
Turnd to a magicall glasse, and does present
Nothing but hornes, and horror

Baptista. You may yet
And 'tis the best foundation, build vp comfort
On your owne goodnes.

Mathias. Noe, that hath vndone me
For now I hold my temperance a sinne
Worse then excesse, and what was vice a vertue,
Haue I refus'd a Queene, and such a Queene
Whose rauishing beauties at the first sight had tempted
A hermit from his beades, and chang'd his prayers
To amorous Sonets, to preserue my faith

Inuiolate

I violate to thee, with the hazard of
My death with torture, since she could inflict
No lesse for my contempt, and haue *I* made
Such a returne from thee? *I* will not curse thee,
Nor for thy falshood raile against the sex
'Tis poore, and common, Ile onely with wise men
Whisper vnto my selfe, howere they seeme
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come
Hath heeretofore, can now, or euer shall
Produce on constant woman.

Baptista. This is more
Then the Satirists wrot against 'em.

Mathias. Ther's no language
That can expresse the poyson of these Aspicks,
These weeping Crocadiles, and all to little
That hath beeing sayd against 'em but *I*'ll mould
My thoughts into another forme, and if
She can out-liue the report of what I haue donne
This hand when next she comes within my reach
Shall be her executioner.

Enter Honoria.

Baptista. The Queene sir.

Honoria. Wait our commnnd at distance, sir you haue to
Free liberty to depart.

Baptista. I know my manners
And thanke you for the fauour.

Exit Baptista.

Honoria. Haue you taken
Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now
Your resolute answere, but aduise maturely
Before *I* heare it,

Mathias. Let my actions Madam,
For no words can dilate my ioy in all
You can command with chereifulnes to serue you,
Assure your highnes, and in signe of my
Submission, and contrition for my error.

My

My lipps, that but the laſt night ſhund the touch
Of yours as poyſon, taught humility now
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honor
For ſuch an vndeſeruer ſeales my duty,
A cloudy miſt of ignorance equall to
Cimmerian darkenes, would not let me ſee then
What now with adoration, and wonder
With reuerence I looke vp to: but thoſe foggs
Diſperſd and ſcatterd by the powerfull beames
With which your ſelfe the Sun of all perfection,
Vouchſafe to cure my blindnes like a ſuppliant
As low as I can kneele I humbly begge
What you once pleaſd to tender.

Honoria. This is more
Then I could hope, what find you ſo attractiue
Vpon my face in ſo ſhort time to make
This ſuddaine Metamorphoſis? pray you riſe;
I for your late neglect thus ſigne your pardon.
I now you kiſſe like a louer, and not as brothers
Coldly ſalute their ſiſters.

Mathias. I am turnd
All ſpirit and fire.

Honoria. Yet to giue ſome al'ay
To this hot feruor 'twere good to remember
The King, whoſe eies and eares are euery where
With the danger to that followes, this diſcouer'd.

Mathias. Danger? a buggebeare Maddam let ride once
Like *Phaeton* in the the Chariot of your fauour,
And I contemne Ioues thunder though the King
In our embraces ſtood a looker on,
His hang-men and with ſtudied cruelty ready
To dragge me from your armes, it ſhould not fright me
From the inioying that, a ſingle life is
Too poore a price for, O that now all vigour
Of my youth were recollected for an hower
That my deſire might meete with yours and draw
The enuy of all men in the Encounter
Vpon my head, I ſhould, but we looſe time,

Be gratious mighty Queene

Honoria. Pause yet a little
The bounties of the King, and what weighs more
Your boasted constancie to your machlesse wife,
Should not soone be shaken.

Mathias. The whole fabricke
When I but looke on you, is in a moment
Oreturnd, and ruind, and as riuers loose
Their names, when they are swalloed by the *Ocean*
In you alone all faculties of my soule
Are wholy taken vp, my wife, and King
At the best as things forgotten.

Honoria. Can this be?
I haue gaynd my end now.

Mathias. Wherefore stay you Madam?

Honoria. In my consideration what a nothing
Mans constancy is.

Mathias. Your beauties make it so,
In me sweet lady.

Honoria. And it is my glory:
I could be coy now as you were, but I
Am of a gentler temper, howsoeuer,
And in a iust returne of what I haue suffer'd
In your disdaine, with the same measure graunt me
Equall deliberation I ere long
Will visite you againe and when I next
Appeare, as conquerd by it, slauelike wayt
On my triumphant beauty. *Exit Honoria.*

Mathias. What a change
Is heere beyond my feare but by thy falshood
Sophia not her beauty is it deni'd me
To sinne but in my wishes? what a frowne
In scorne at her departure she threw on me?
I am both waies lost; stormes of Contempt, and scorne
Are ready to breake on me, and all hope
Of shelter doubtfull I can neither be
Disloyall, nor yet honest, I stand guilty
On either part, at the worst death will end all,

And

And he muſt be my iudge to right my wrong,
Since I haue lou'd too much and liu'd too long.

Exit Mathias.

Actus quarti, Scana ſecunda.

Enter Sophia ſola with a booke and a note.

Sophia. Nor cuſtome nor example, nor vaſt numbers
Of ſuch as doe offend make leſſe the ſinne,
For each particular crime a ſtrict accompt
Will be exacted, and that comfort which
The damnd pretend, fellowes in miſery,
Takes nothing from their torments, euery one
Muſt ſuffer in himſelfe the meaſure of
His wickednes, if ſo, as I muſt grant
It being vnrefutable in reaſon,
Howere my Lord offend, it is no warrant
For me to walke in his forbidden paths,
What penance then can expiate my guilte
For my conſent (tranſported then with paſſion)
To wantonneſſe? the woundes I giue my fame
Cannot recouer his and though I haue fedd
Theſe courtiers with promiſes and hopes
I am yet in fact vntainted and I truſt
My ſorrow for it with my purity
And loue to goodnes for it ſelfe, made powerfull
Though all they haue alleadg'd proue true or falſe,
Will be ſuch exorciſines as ſhall command
This furie iealouſie from me, what I haue
Determind touching them I am reſolu'd
To put in execution, Within there?
Where are my noble gheſts?

Enter Hilario, Coriſca, with other ſeruants.

Hilario. The elder Maddam,
Is drinking by himſelfe to your Ladiſhips health
In Muskadine and egges and for a raſher
To draw His liquor downe he hath got a pie
Of marrow-bones, Potatos and Eringos,
With many ſuch ingredients, and tis ſayd

He hath ſent his man in poſt to the next towne,
For a pound of Amber gris, and halfe a pecke
Of fiſhes cald Cantharides.
Coriſca. The younger
Prunes vp himſelfe as if this night he were
To act a bridegroomes part, but to what purpoſe
I am ignorance it ſelfe,
Sophia. Continue ſo. *gives a paper.*
Let thoſe lodgings be prepard as this directs you,
And fayle not in a circumſtance, as you
Reſpect my fauour.
1 *ſeruant.* We haue our inſtructions
2 *ſeruant.* And punctually will follow 'em
Enter Vbaldo. *Exeunt ſeruants.*
Hilario. Heere comes Madam
The Lord *Vbaldo.*
Vbaldo. Pretty on, thers gould,
To buy thee a new gowne, and ther's for thee,
Grow fat, and fit for ſeruice, I am now
As I ſhould be at the height and able to
Beget a gyant, O my better Angell
In this you ſhow your wiſdome when you pay
The lecher in his owne coyne, ſhall you ſit puling,
Like a patient Griſſell, and be laught at? no
This is a fayre reueng, ſhall we to it?
Sophia. To what ſir?
Vbaldo. The ſport you promiſd.
Sophia. Could it be donne with ſafety.
Vbaldo. I warant you, I am ſound as a bell, a tough
Old blade, and ſteele to the backe, as you ſhall find me
In the triall on your anuill.
Sophia. So, but how ſir
Shall I ſatiſfie your friend to whom by promiſe
I am equally ingag'd?
Vbaldo. I muſt confeſſe
The more the merier, but of all men liuing
Take heed of him you may ſa'er run vpon
The mouth of a cannon, when it is vnlading

And

And come off colder.

Sophia. How? is he not holsome?

Vbaldo. Holsome? I'll tell you for your good, he is
A spittle of diseases and indeed
More lothsome and infectious, the tubbe is
His weekely bath; He hath not dranke this seauen yeare
Before he came to your house, but compositions
Of Sassafras, and Guacum, and drie mutton
His daily portion; name what scratch soeuer
Can be got by women and the Surgeons will resolue you
At this time or at that *Ricardo* had it.

Sophia. Blesse me from him.

Vbaldo. 'Tis a good prayer Lady,
It being a degree vnto the pox,
Onely to mention him, if my tongue burne not hange me
When I but named *Ricardo*.

Sophia. Sir this caution
Must be rewarded.

Vbaldo. I hope I haue marrd his market.
But when?

Sophia. Why presently follow my woman
She knowes where to conduct you, and will serue
To night for a page, let the wast cote I apointed
With the cambricq shirt perfumd, and the rich cappe
Be brought into his chamber.

Vbaldo. Excellent Lady.
And a caudle too in the morning.

Corisca. I will fit you.

Enter Ricardo. *Exeunt. Vbaldo & Cor.*

Sophia. So hot on the scent here comes the other beagle.

Ricardo. Take purse and all

Hilario. If this company would come often,
I should make a pretty terme on't,

Sophia. For your sake
I haue put him off, he only begd a kisse
I gaue it and so parted.

Ricardo. I hope better
He did not touch your lipps?

Sophia. Yes I assure you.
There was no danger in it.
Ricardo. No? eate presently
These lozenges, of forty crownes an ounce,
Or you are vndone.
Sophia. What is the vertue of 'em.
Ricardo. They are preseruatiues against stinking breath
Rising from rotten lungs.
Sophia, If so your carriage
Of such deere antidotes in my opinion
May render yours suspected.
Ricardo. Fie no I vse 'em
When I talke with him I should be poysond else.
But I'll be free with you. Hee was once a creature
It may be of Gods making, but long since
He is turnd to a druggists shoppe, the spring and fall
Hold all the yeere with him that he liues he owes
To art not nature, she has giuen him ore.
He moues like the faery King, on scrues and wheeles
Made by his Doctors recipes, and yet still
They are out of ioynt, and euery day reparing
He has a regiment of whores he keepes
At his owne charge in a lazar house but the best is
There's not a role among 'em: Hee's acquainted
With the greene water and the spitting pill
Familiar to him, in a frosty morning
You may thrust him in a pottle pot his bones
Rattle in his Skinne like beanes tos'd in a bladder
If he but heere a coche the fomentation
The Friction with funigation cannot saue him
From the chine euill in a word he is
Not on disease but all, yet being my friend
I will forbeare his caracter, for I would not
Wrong him in your opinion.
Sophia, The best is
The vertues you bestow on him to me
Are mistries I know not but howeuer
I am at your seruice. Sirrha let it be your care
T'vncloth the gentleman, and with speed, delay

Takes from delight.

Ricardo. Good, there's my hat, ſword, cloke,
A vengeance on theſe buttons, off with my dublet
I dare ſhow my Skinne, in the touch you will like it better
Pre'the cut my codpeeſe poynt, and for this ſeruice
When *I* leaue them off they are thine.

Hilario. I 'll take your word ſir.

Ricardo. Deere lady ſtay not long.

Sophia. I may come too ſoone ſir

Ricardo. No, no I am ready now, *Exeunt Hilario and Ricardo.*

Hilario. This is the way ſir.

Sophia. I was much too blame to credit their reports
Touching my Lord that ſo traduce each other
And with ſuch virulent malice, though I preſume
They are bad enough, but I haue ſtudied for 'em
A way for their recouerie.

The noyſe of clapping a doore, Ubaldo aboue in his ſhirt.

Ubaldo. What doſt thou meane wench?
Why doſt thou ſhut the doore upon me? ha
My cloths are taine away to I ſhall *I* ſtarue heere?
Is this my lodging? I am ſure the lady talkd of
A rich cappe, a perfum'd ſhirt, and a waſtcote
But heere is nothing but a little freſh ſtraw,
A pettycote for a couerlet and that torne to,
And an ould womans biggen for a night cappe,

Enter Coriſca.

Slight tis a priſon, or a pigſtie, ha!
The windows grated with Iron *I* cannot force 'em
And if *I* leape downe heere I breake my necke
I am betrayd, rogues villaines let me out
I am a Lord, and that's no common tittle,
And ſhall I be vſd thus?

Sophia. Let him raue, Hee's faſt
I'll parley with him at leaſure.

Ricardo entring with a great noyſe aboue, as fallen.

Ricardo. Zoones haue you trap doores?

Sophia. The other birds i'th cage too let him flutter.

Ricardo. Whither am I falne into Hell?

Ubaldo

Vbaldo. Who makes that noyſe there?
Helpe me if thou art a friend?
Ricardo. A friend? I am where
I cannot helpe my ſelfe, let me ſee thy face.
Vbaldo. How *Ricardo* I pre the throw me
Thy cloke, if thou canſt to couer me I am almoſt
Frozen to death.
Ricardo. My cloke, I haue no breeches
I am in my ſhirt as thou art, and heer's nothing
For my ſelfe but a clownes caſt ſuite.
Vbaldo. We are both vndone
Pre the rore a little, Madam.

Enter Hilario in Ricardos ſuite.

Ricardo. Lady of the houſe.
Vbaldo. Groomes of the chamber
Ricardo. Gentlewomen, milkemaydes.
Vbaldo. Shall we be murthered?
Sophia. Noe but ſoundly puniſh'd
To your diſerts.
Ricardo. You are not in earneſt Madam?
Sophia. Iudge as you find, and feele it, and now heere
What I irreuocable purpoſe to you.
Being receau'd as gheſts into my houſe
And with all it afforded entertaind
You haue forgot all hoſpitable duties,
And with the defamation of my Lord
Wrought on my woman weakeneſſe in reuenge
Of his iniuries, as you faſhiond 'em to me,
To yeeld my honor to your lawleſſe luſt.
Hilario. Marke that poore fellowes.
Sophia. And ſo far you haue
Tranſgreſ'd againſt the dignity of men
(who ſhould, bound to it by vertue, ſtill defend
Chaſt ladies honors) that it was your trade
To make 'em famous, but you are caught
In your owne toiles like luſtfull beaſts, and therfore
Hope not to find the vſage of men from me
Such mercie you haue forfeited, and ſhall ſuffer

Like

Like the moſt ſlauiſh women.

Vbaldo. How will you vſe vs?

Sophia. Eaſe and exceſſe in feeding made you wanton
A plurifie of ill blood you muſt let out.
By labour, and ſpare diet, that way got to,
Or periſh for hunger, reach him vp that diſtaffe
With the flax vpon it, though no Omphale
Nor you a ſecond *Hercules*, as I take it
As you ſpinne well at my command, and pleaſe me
Your wages in the courſeſt bread, and water,
Shall be proportionable.

Vbaldo. I will ſtarue firſt.

Sophia. That's as you pleaſe.

Ricardo. What will become of me now?

Sophia. You ſhall haue gentler worke I haue oft obſerv'd
You were proud to ſhow the fineneſſe of your hands,
And ſoftnes of your fingers, you ſhould reele well
What heſpins if you giue your mind to it, as ill force you
Deliuer him his materialls. Now you know
Your penance fall to worke, hunger will teach you
And ſo as ſlaues to your luſt, not me I leaue you. *Exit Sophia.*

Vbaldo. I ſhall ſpinne a fine thred out now *and ſeruants.*

Ricardo. I cannot looke
On theſe deuices but they put me in mind
Of rope-makers.

Hilario. Fellow thinke of thy taske
Forget ſuch vanities, my liuery there
Will ſerue the to worke in.

Ricardo. Let me haue my clothes yet,
I was bountifull to thee.

Hilario. They are paſt your wearing
And mine by promiſe, as all theſe can witnes
You haue no holydaies comming, nor will I worke
While theſe, and this laſts and ſo when you pleaſe
You may ſhut vp your ſhoppe windowes.

Vbaldo I am faint *Exit Hilario.*
And muſt lye downe.

Ricardo. I am hungry to, and could
Ocurſed women

Vbaldo. This comes of our whoring.
But let vs reſt aſwell as we can to night
But not ore ſleepe our ſelues, leaſt we faſt to morrow.
They drew the curtaines.

Actus quarti, Scana terty.

Enter Ladiſlaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, attendance.

Honoria. Now you know all ſir with the motiues why
I forc'd him to my lodging.
Ladiſlaus. I deſire
No more ſuch trials Lady.
Honoria. I preſume ſir
You do not doubt my chaſtity.
Ladiſlaus. I would not,
But theſe are ſtrange inducements.
Eubulus. By no meanes ſir
Why though he were with violence ceaſd vpon,
And ſtill detaynd the man ſir being no ſouldier
Nor vſd to charge his pike when the breach is open
There was no danger in't: you muſt conceiue ſir,
Being relligious, ſhe Choſe him for a Chaplaine
To read old Homelies to her in the darke,
Shee's bound to it by her Cannons.
Ladiſlaus. Still tormented
With thy impertinence.
Honoria. By your ſelfe decree ſir.
I was ambitious onely to ouer throw
His boaſted conſtancy in his conſent,
But forfact I contemne him, I was neuer
Vnchaſt in thought, I laboured to giue proofe
What power dwels in this beauty you admire ſo,
And when you ſee how ſoone it hath tranſform'd him,
And with what ſuperſtition hee addores it,
Determine as you pleaſe.
Ladiſlaus. I will looke on
This pageant but.
Honoria. When you haue ſeene and hard ſir.
The paſſages, which I my ſelfe diſcouer'd,
And could haue kept conceal'd had I meant baſely

Iudge

Iudge as you pleaſe.

Ladiſlaus. well Ill obſerue the iſſue.

Eubulus. How had you tooke this Generall in your wife?

Ferdinand. As a ſtrange curioſity, but Queenes
Are priuiledged aboue ſubiects, and tis fit ſir.

Exeunt.

Actus quarti, Scæna quarti.

Enter Mathias, Baptiſta.

Baptiſta. You are much alterd ſir ſince the laſt night
When the Queene left you, and looke cheerefully
Your dulneſſe quite b owne ouer.

Mathias. I haue ſeene a viſion
This morning makes it good, and neuer was
In ſuch ſecurity as at this inſtant,
Fall what can fall, and when the Queene appeares
Whoſe ſhorteſt abſence now is tedious to me,
Obſerue 'th incounter.

Enter Honoria, Ladiſlaus, Eubulus, Ferdinand
Acanthe, with others aboue.

Baptiſta. She already is
Entred the liſts.

Mathias. And I prepard to meete her.

Baptiſta. I know my duty.

Honoria. Not ſo you may ſtay now
As a witnes of our contract.

Baptiſta. I obey
In all things Madam.

Honoria. Wher's that reuerence,
Or rather ſuperſtitious addoration,
Which captiue like to my triumphant beauty
You payd laſt night? no humble knee? nor ſigne
Of vaſſall duty? ſure this is the foote,
To whoſe proud couer, and then happy in it,
Your lipps were glewd; and that the necke then offer'd
To witnes your ſubiection to be trod on
Your certaine loſſe of life in the Kings anger
Was then to meane a price to buy my fauour.
And that falſe gloweworme fire of conſtancie
To your wife, extinguiſhed by a greater light

Shot from our eyes; and that it may be (being
To glorious to be look'd on) hath depriu'd you
Of ſpeech, and motion: but I will take off
A little from the ſplendor, and deſcend
From my owne height, and in your lowneſſe heere you
Plead as a ſuppliant.

Mathias. I do remember
I once ſaw ſuch a woman.

Honoria. How!

Mathias. And then
She did appeare a moſt magnificent Queene
And what's more vertuous though ſomewhat darkned
With pride and ſelfe oppinion.

Eubulus. Call you this courtſhip?

Mathias. And ſhe was happy in a royall husband,
Whom enuie could not tax, vnleſſe it were
For his too much indulgence to her humors.

Eubulus. Pray you ſir obſerue that touch, tis to the purpoſe
I like the play the better for't.

Mathias. And ſhe liu'd
Worthy her birth, and fortune; you retayne yet
Some part of her angelicall forme, but when
Enuie to the beauty of a nother woman
Inferior to hers, (one ſhe neuer
Had ſeene but in her picture) had diſperſ'd
Infection through her veines and loyaltie
Which a great Queene as ſhee was ſhould haue nouriſh'd
Grew odious to her

Honoria. I am thunderſtrocke.

Mathias. And luſt in all the brauery it could borrow
From maieſty, howere diſguiſde had tooke
Sure footing in the kingdome of her heart
(The throne of chaſtity once,) how in a moment
All that was gratious, great, and glorious in her
And woone vpon all hearts, like ſeeming ſhadowes
Wanting true ſubſtance vaniſh'd.

Honoria. How his reaſons
Worke on my Soule.

Mathias. Retire into your ſelfe.

Your owne ſtrengths Madam, ſtrongly man'd with vertue
And be but as you were, and there's no offence.
So baſe beneath the ſlauery, that men
Impoſe on beaſts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play, and iuggle with a ſtranger
Varying your ſhapes like *Thetis* though the beauties
Of all that are by Poets raptures Sainted
Were now in you vnited, you ſhould paſſe
Pittied by me perhaps, but not regarded.
Eubulus. If this take not I am cheated.
Mathias. To ſlip once
Is incident, and excuſde by humane fraylty,
But to fall euer damnable we were both
Guilty I grant in tendering our affection,
But, as I hope you will doe, I repented.
When we are growne vp to ripeneſſe, our life is
Like to this picture. While we runne
A conſtant race in goodneſſe, it retaines
The iuſt proportion. But the iourneyes being
Tedious and ſweet temptations in the way,
That may in ſome degree diuert vs from
The rode that we put forth in, ere we end
Our pilgrimage, it may like this turne yellow
Or be with blackneſſe clouded. But when we
Finde we haue gone aſtray, and labour to
Returne vnto our neuer fayling guide
Vertue, contrition with vnfained teares,
The ſpots of vice waſh'd off will ſoone reſtore it
To the firſt pureneſſe.
Honoria. I am diſenchanted
Mercy, O mercy heauens? *kneeles*
Ladiſlaus. I am rauiſhed with
What I haue ſeene and hard.
Ferdinand. Let vs deſcend and heere
The reſt below.
Eubulus. This hath falne out beyond
My expectation. *they deſcend.*
Honoria. How haue I wandred
Out of the tract of piety and miſled

By ouerweening pride, and flattery
Of fawning sycophants (the bane of greatnes)
Could neuer meete till now a passenger
That in his charity would set me right,
Or stay me in my precipice to ruine.
How ill haue I return'd your goodnes to me?
The horror in my thought ore turnes me marble.

Enter the King and others,

But if it may be yet preuented, O sir,
What can I do to shew my sorrow or
With what brow aske your pardon?

Ladislaus. Pray you rise.

Honoria. Neuer, till you forgiue me, and receiue
Vnto your loue, and fauour a chang'd woman.
My state, and pride turn'd to humillity henceforth
Shall waite on your commands, and my obedience
Steer'd only by your will.

Ladislaus, And that will proue
A second and a better marriage to me, all is forgot

Honoria. Sir I must not rise yet
Till with a free confession of a crime,
Vnknowne to you yet, and a following suite
Which thus I beg be granted.

Ladislaus. I melt with you.
Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus.

Honoria. Know then sir.
In malice to this good knights wife I practis'd
Vbaldo, and *Ricardo,* to corrupt her.

Baptista. Thence grew the change of the picture.

Honoria. And how far
They haue preuaild I am ignorant now if you sir
Or the honor of this goodman, may be intreated
To trauaile thither, it being but a dayes iourney
To fetch 'em off,

Ladislaus. We will put on to night.

Baptista. I if you please your harbinger.

Ladislaus: I thanke you.
Let me embrace you in my armes, your seruice
Donne on the *Turke* compard with this waighs nothing.

Mathias. I am ſtill your humble creature.
Ladſlaus. My true friend
Ferdinand. And ſo you are bound to hold him.
Eubulus. Such a plante
Imported to your Kingdome, and heere grafted
Would yeeld more fruit then all the idle weedes
That ſucke vp your raigne of fauour.
Ladiſlaus. In my will
Ile not be wanting, prepare for our iourney.
In acte be my *Honoria* now, not name,
And to all after times preſerue thy fame.

Exeunt.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus quinti, Scæna prima.

Sophia, Coriſca, Hilario.

Sophia. Are they then ſo humble
Hilario. Hunger and hard labour
Haue tamde 'em Madam, at the firſt they below'd
Like ſtaggs tane in a toyle and would not worke
For ſullenneſſe, but when they found with out it
There was no eating, and that to ſtarue to death
Was much againſt their ſtomachs, by degree
Againſt their wills they fell to it.
Coriſca. And now feed on
The little pittance you allow with gladneſſe
Hilario. I do remember that they ſtop'd their noſes
At the ſight of beefe, and mutton as courſe feeding
For their fine palats, but now their worke being ended
They leape at a barley cruſt and hold cheſe parings
With a ſpoonefull of pal'd wine pour'd in their water,
For feſtiuall excedings.
Coriſca. When I examine
My ſpinſters worke hee trembles like a prentice
And takes a boy on the care when I ſpie faults
And botches in his labour, as a fauour
From a curſt miſtriſſe.
Hilario. The other to reele well

For

For his time, and if your ladiſhip would pleaſe.
To ſee 'em for your ſport, ſince they want ayring
It would do well in my iudgement, you ſhall heere
Such a hungry dialogue from 'em.
Sophia. But ſuppoſe
When they are out of priſon they ſhould grow
Rebellious?
Hilario. Neuer feare't Ill vndertake
To lead 'em out by the noſe with a courſe thred
Of the ones ſpinning and make the other reele after
And without grumbling, & when you are weary of
Their company as eaſily returne 'em.
Coriſca Deere Madam it will helpe to driue away
Your melancholy.
Sophia Well on this aſſurance
I am content, bring 'em hither.
Hilario. I will do it
In ſtately Equipage. *Exit Hilario.*
Sophia. They haue confeſſed then
They were ſet on by the Queene to taynt mee in
My loyalty to my Lord?
Coriſca. Twas the maine cauſe,
That brought 'em hither.
Sophia. I am glad I know it
And as I haue begun before I end
Ill at the height reuenge it, let vs ſteppe aſide
They come the obiects ſo ridiculous
In ſpight of my ſad thoughts I cannot but
Lend a forc'd ſmile to grace it.
Enter Hilario, Vbaldo ſpinning, Ricardo reeling.
Hilario. Come away
Worke as you go, and looſe no time 'tis precious
You'll find it in your Commons.
Ricardo. comons call you it
The word is proper I haue graz'd ſo long
Vpon your commons I am almoſt ſtaru'd heere
Hilario. Worke harder and they ſhall be better'd
Vbaldo. better'd?
worſer they cannot be would I might lye

Like

Like a dogge vnder her table and ſerue for a footſtoole
So I might haue my belly full of that
Her Iſland curr refuſes.
Hilario. How do you like
Your ayring? is it not a fauour?
Ricardo. Yes
Iuſt ſuch a one as you vſe to a brace of gray-houndes
When they are ledd out of their kennels to ſcumber
But our caſe is ten times harder, we haue nothing
In our bellies to be vented, if you will bee
And honeſt yeoman phenterer, feed vs firſt,
And walke vs after?
Hilario. Yeomen phenterer?
Such another word to your Gouernor, and you goe
Supperleſſe to bed fort.
Vbaldo. Nay euen as you pleaſe.
The comfortable names of breake-faſts, dinners,
Collations, ſupper, beuerage, are words
Worne out of our remembrance.
Ricardo. O for the ſteame
Of meat in a cookes ſhoppe?
Vbaldo. I am ſo drie
I haue not ſpittle enough to wett my fingers
When I draw my flax from my diſtaffe
Ricardo. Nor I ſtrength
To raiſe my hand to the top of my reeler. oh.
I haue the crampe all ouer me
Hilario. What do you thincke
Were beſt to apply to it, a crampſtone as I take it
Were very vſefull.
Ricardo. Oh no more of ſtones
We haue beene vſd to long like hawkes already.
Vbaldo. We are not ſo high in our fleſh now to need caſting
We will come to an empty fiſt.
Hilario. Nay that you ſhall not
So hoe birdes, how the eyaſſes ſcratch, and ſcramble
Take heed of a ſurfet do not caſt your gorges,
This is more then I haue commiſſion for, be thankefull.
Sophia. Were all that ſtudie the abuſe of women

Vſd thus, the citty would not ſwarme with Cuccholds
Nor ſo many trads-menbreake.
Coriſca. Pray you appeare now
And marke the altetation.
Hilario. To your worke
My Lady is in preſence, ſhow your duties
Exceeding well.
Sophia. How do your ſcollers profite?
Hilario. Hold vp your heads demurdy. Prettily
For young beginners.
Coriſca and will do well in time
If they be kept in awe.
Ricardo. In awe I am ſure
I quake like an aſpen leaf.
Vbaldo. no mercy Lady?
Ricardo. Nor intermiſſion?
Sophia. Let me ſee your worke.
Fie vpon't what a thredds heere, a poore coblers wife
Would make a finer to ſow a clounes rent ſtart vp
And heere you reele as you were druncke.
Ricardo. I am ſure it is not with wine
Sophia. O take heade of wine
Could water is far better for your healths
Of which I am very tender, you had foule bodies
And muſt continue in this phiſicall diet
Tell the cauſe of your diſeaſe be tane away
For feare of a relaps and that is dangerous
Yet *I* hope alredy that you are in ſome
Degree recouerd and that way to reſolue me
Anſwer me truely, nay what *I* propound
Concernes both neerer, what would you now giue
If your meanes were in your hands to lye all night
With a freſh and hanſume ladie?
Vbaldo. How a lady?
O I am paſd it, hunger with her razor
Hath made me an euenuch
Ricardo. for a meſſe of porridge
well ſop'd with a bunch of raddiſh and a carret
I would ſell my barron tie but for women. oh

Noe more of women not a doyte for a doxie
After this hungry voyage.
Sophia. These are truly
Good symptomes, let them not venture to much in the ayre
Till they are weaker.
Ricardo. this is tyranie
Vbaldo. Scorne vpon scorne
Sophia. You were so
In your malitious intents to me *Enter a seruant*
And therefore tis but iustice whats the businesse?
Seruant. My Lords great frend signior *Baptista* Madam
Is newly lighted from his horse with certaine
Assurance of my Lords arriuall.
Sophia. How
And stand I trifling here, hence with the mungrells
To there seuerall kennels, there let them house in priuat
Ile bee no farther troubled. *Exeunt Sophia and seruant.*
Vbaldo. O that euer
I saw this fury
Ricardo. Or look'd one a woman
But as a prodigie in nature
Hilario. Silence
Noe more of this
Coriſca. me thincks you haue noe cause
To repent your being heere
Hilario haue you not learnt
When your states are spent your seuerall trades to liue by
and neuer charge the hospitall?
Coriſca. Worke but titely
And wee will not vle a dishe-cloute in the house
But of your spinning
Vbaldo O I would this hempe
Were turnd to a halter
Hilario Will you march
Ricardo. A soft one
Good generall I beseech you
Vbaldo. I can hardly
Draw my legs after me
Hilario. For a crouch you may vse

Your diſtaffe, a good wit makes vſe of all things. *Exeunt.*

Actus quinti, Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Sophia, Baptiſta.

Sophia. Was he iealous of me?

Baptiſta. Ther's no perfite loue
Without ſome touch of't Madam.

Sophia. And my picture
Made by your diueliſh art, a ſpie vpon
My actions? I neuer ſate to be drawne,
Nor had you ſir comiſion for't,

Baptiſta. excuſe me,
At his earneſt ſuite I did it.

Sophia. Very good,
Was I growne ſo cheape in his opinion of me?

Baptiſta. The proſperous euents that cround his fortunes
May qualifie the offence.

Sophia. Rood the euents
The ſanctuary fooles and madmen flie to,
when their raſh and deſperat vndertakings thriue well
But good, and wiſemen are directed by
Graue counſailes, and with ſuch deliberation
Proceed in their affaires that chance had nothing
To do with 'em, howſoere, take the paynes ſir
To meete the honor in the King, and Queenes
Approches to my houſe, that breakes vpon mee
I will expect them with my beſt of care

Baptiſta. To entertaine ſuch royall gheſts.

Sophia. I know it *Exit Baptiſta.*
Leaue that to me ſir what ſhould mone the Queene
So giuen to eaſe and pleaſure, as fame ſpeakes her,
To ſuch a iourney? or worke on my Lord
To doubt my loyalty? nay more to take
For the reſolution of his feares, a courſe
That is by holy writ denide a chriſtian?
'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome
He hopes in my embraces may deceiue
His expectation the trumpets ſpeake
The Kings arriuall, helpe a womans wit now,
To make him know his fault and my iuſt anger. *Exit Sophia.*

Actus

Actus quinti, ſcena vltima.

Loud muſicke, Enter Mathias, Eubulus, Ladiſlaus, Ferdinand, Honoria, Baptiſta, Acanthe, with attendants

Eubulus. Your maieſty muſt be weary.

Honoria. No my Lord
A willing mind makes a hard iourney eaſie

Mathias. Not *Ioue* attended on by Hermes, was
More welcome to the cottage of *Philemon*,
And his poore Baucis, then your gratious ſelfe.
Your matchleſſe Queene, and all your royall traine
Are to your ſeruant and his wife.

Ladiſlaus. Where is ſhe?

Honoria. I long to ſee her as my now loud riuall

Eubulus. And I to haue a ſmach at her, 'tis a cordiall
To an old man, better then ſacke, and a toſt
Before he goes to ſupper.

Mathias. Ha is my houſe turnd
To a wildernesſe? nor wife nor ſeruants ready
With all rites due to maieſty to receiue
Such vnexpected bleſſings? you aſſurd me
Of better preparation, hath not
Th'exceſſe of ioy tranſported her beyond
Her vnderſtanding?

Baptiſta. I now parted from her,
And gaue her your directions.

Mathias. How ſhall I begge
Your maieſties patience? ſure my fame ie's drunche
Or by ſome witch in enuie of my glory
A dead ſleepe throwne vpon 'em.

Enter Hilario, and ſeruants.

1 *ſeruant.* Sir.

Mathias. But that
The ſacred preſence of the King forbids it,
My ſword ſhould make a maſſacre among you.
Where is your miſtris?

Hilario. Firſt you are welcome home ſir
Then know ſhe ſales ſhee's ſicke ſir, there's no notice
Taken of my brauery.

Mathias. Sicke at ſuch a time!
I cannot be though ſhe were on her death bed,
And her ſpirit euen now departed heere ſtand they
Could call it backe againe, and in this honor
Giue her a ſecond being, bring me to her,
I know not what to vrge, or how to redeeme
This morgage of her manners. *Exeunt Mathias and Hilario.*
Eubulus. Ther's no climate
On the world I thinke where on iades tricke or other
Raignes not in women,
Ferdinand. You were euer bitter
Againſt the Sex.
Ladiſlaus. This is very ſtrange.
Honoria. Meane women
Haue their faults as well, as Queenes.
Laudiſlaus. O ſhee appeares now.

Enter Mathias, Sophia.

Mathi. The iniury that you conceiue I haue done you
Diſpute heereafter, and in your peruerſenes
Wrong not your ſelfe, and me.
Sophia. *I* am paſ'd my childhood,
And need no tutor.
Mathias. This is the great King.
To whom *I* am ingag'd till death for all
I ſtand poſeſſ'd of.
Sophia. My humble roofe is proud ſir.
To be the canopie of ſo much greatnes,
ſet off with goodnes.
Ladiſlaus. My owne prayſes flying
*I*n ſuch pure ayre, as your ſweete breath faire Lady
Cannot but pleaſe me.
Mathias. This is the Queene of Queenes,
*I*n her magnificence to me.
Sophia. *I*n my duty
I kiſſe her highnes robe.
Honoria. You ſtoope to low
To her whoſe lipps would meete with yours.
Sophia. Howere.
*I*t may appeare prepoſtrous in women

Soe to encounter, 'tis your pleasure Madam
And not my proud ambition, do you heere sir.
Without a magicall picture in the touch,
I find your prince of close and wanton kisses
On the Queenes lipps
Mathias. Vpon your life be silent.
And now salute these Lords.
Sophia. Since you'll haue me
You shall see *I* am experienc'd at the game
And can play it titely, you are a braue man sir
And do deserue a free and harty welcome
Be this the prologe to it.
Eubulus. An old mans turne
Is euer last in kissing, I haue lipps too
Howeuer cold ones Madam.
Sophia. I will warme 'em.
With the fire of mine.
Eubulus. And so she has I thanke you:
I shall sleepe the better all night for 't.
Mathias. You expresse
The boldnes of a wanton courtezan,
And not a matrons modesty, take vp,
Or you are disgrac'd forever.
Sophia. How? with kissing
Feelingly as you tought mee? would you haue me
Turne my cheeke to 'em, as proud ladies vse
To their inferiors, as if they intended
Some businesse should be whisperd in their eare
And not a salutation, what I doe
I will do freely, now I am in the humor
I'll flie at all, are there any more?
Mathias. Forbeare.
Or you will rayse my anger to a height,
That will descend in fury.
Sophia. Whie? you know
How to resolue your selfe what my intents are,
By the helpe of Mephostophiles, and your picture,
Pray you looke vpon 't againe, I humbly thanke
The Queenes great care of me, while you were absent.

Sh

She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,
And being for that time a kind of widdow,
To passe away her melancholly howers
Without good company, and in charity therefore
Prouided for me, out of her owne store
She culd the Lords *Ubaldo*, and *Ricardo*,
Two principall courtiers for Ladies seruice,
To do me all good offices, and as such
Imployd by her, I hope I haue receaud,
And entertaind 'em, nor shall they depart
Without the effect arising from the cause
That brought 'em hither.

Mathias. Thou dost be-lye thy selfe,
I know that in my absence thou wer't honest,
Howeuer now turnd monster.

Sophia. The truth is
We did not deale like you in speculations
On cheating pictures; we knew shadowes were
No substances and actuall performance
The best assurance, I will bring 'em hither
To make good in this presence so much for me.
Some minutes space I begge your maiesties pardon
You are mou'd now champe vpon this bit a little
Anon you shall haue another, waite me *Hilario*.

Exeunt Sophia, & Hilario.

Ladislaus. How now? turnd statue sir?

Mathias. Flie, and flie quicklie
From this curst habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am, in her tongue
Millions of adders hisse, and euery hayre
Vpon her wicked head a snake more dreadfull
Then that *Tisiphon*, threw on *Athamas*,
Which in his madnes forc'd him to dismember
His proper issue O that that euer I
Repos'd my trust in magicke, or beleeu'd
Impossibillities, or that charmes had power
To sincke and serch into the bottomlesse hell,
For a false womans heart.

Embulus.

Eubulus. These are the fruites
Of marriage, and old batchelor, as *I* am,
And what's more will continue so, is not troublde
With these fine fagaries.
Ferdinand. Till you are resolu'd sir,
Forsake not hope.
Baptista. Vpon my life this is
Dissimulation.
Ladislaus. And it sutes not with
Your fortitude and wisdome to be thus
Transported with your passion.
Honoria. You were once
Deceaud in me sir as I was in you,
Yet the deceipte please both.
Mathias. She hath confes'd all,
What further proofe should I aske?
Honoria. Yet remember
The distance that is interpos'd betweene
A womans tongue, and her hart, and you must grant
You build vpon no certaineties.
Euter Sophia, Corisca, Hilario, Vbaldo, & Ricardo, as before.
Eubulus. What haue we heere?
Sophia. You must come on and show you selues.
Vbaldo. The King!
Ricardo. And Queene too, would I were as far vnder the earth
As I am aboue it.
Vbaldo. Some Poet will
Prom this relation, or in verse, or proose,
Or both together blended render vs
Ridiculous to all ages,
Ladislaus. I remember
This face when it was in a better plight
Are not you *Ricardo*?
Honoria. And this thing I take it
Was once *Vbaldo.*
Vbaldo. I am now I know not what.
Ricardo. We thanke your maiesty for imploying vs
To this subiill Circe.

Eubulus. How my Lord? turnd spinster.
Do you worke by the day or by the great?
Ferdinand. Is your Theorbo
Turnd to a distaffe Signior, and your voyce
With which you chanted rome for a lusty gallant
Turnd to the note of lacreymæ?
Eubulus. Prethee tell me
For I know thou art free, how often and to the purpose
Haue you beene merry with this lady.
Ricardo. Neuer, neuer.
Ladislaus. Howsoeuer you should say so, for your credit
Being the only cour. bull.
Vbaldo. O that euer
I saw this kicking heyfer,
Sophia. You see Madam
How I haue curd your seruants, and what fauours
They with their rampaht valour haue woone from me.
You may as they are phisickd, I presume
Trust a faire virgine with 'em, they haue learnd
Their seuerall trades to liue by, and payd nothing
But cold, and hunger for 'em, and may now
Set vp for them selues for heere I giue 'em ouer,
And now to you sir, why doe you not againe,
Peruse your picture? and take the aduice
Of your learned consort? these are the men, or none
That made you, as the Italian sayes a beco.
Mathias. I know not which way to intreat your pardon
Nor am I worthy of it my *Sophia*,
My best *Sophia*, heere before the king,
The Queene, these Lords, and all the lookers on
I do renounce my error, and embrace you
As the great example to all after times
For such as would dye chast, and noble wines
With reuerence to immitate.
Sophia. Not so sir.
I yet hold of, howeuer I haue purg'd
My doubted innocence, the foule aspertions
In your vnmanly doubts cast on my honor.

Cannot so soone be washd of.
Eubulus. Shall we haue
More iiggobobs yet?
Sophia. When you went to the warrs
I set no spie vpon you to obserue
which way you wandred, though our sex by nature
Is subiect to suspitions and feares,
My confidence in your loyalty freed me from 'em.
But to deale as you did gainst your religion
With this inchanter to surney my actions
Was more then womans weaknes, therefore know
And tis my boone vnto the King, I doe
Desire a seperation from your bed
For I will spend the remnant of my life
In prayer, and meditation.
Mathias. O take pitty
Vpon my weake condition, or I am
More wretched in your innocence, then if
I had found you guilty, haue you showne a iewell
Out of the cabinet of your rich mind
To locke it vp againe? She turnes away
Will none speake for me? shame, and sinne hath robd me
Of the vse of my tongue.
Ladislaus. Since you haue conquerd Maddam
You wrong the glory of your victory
If you vse it not with mercy.
Ferdinand. Any penance
You please to impose vpon him I dare warrant
He will gladly suffer.
Eubulus. Haue I liu'd to see
But on good woman, and shall we for a trifle
Haue her returne nun? I will first pull downe the cloyster
To the ould sport againe, with a good lucke to you
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We must haue some of the breed of you, will you destroy
The kind, and race of goodnesse? I am conuerted
And aske your pardon Madam for my ill opinion
Against the sex, and show me but two such more

I'll marry yet, and loue em.

Honoria. She that yet
Nere knew what 'twas to bend but to the King
Thus begge remission for him.

Sophia. O decre Madam
Wrong not your generositie so.

Omnes. We all are suitors.

Vbaldo. I do deserue to bee hard among the rest.

Ricardo. And we haue suffered for it.

Sophia. I perceiue
Thers no resistance but suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me, He'll be free
From iealousie heereafter.

Mathias. I will be
My owne security, go ride where you please,
Feast, reuele, banquet, and make choise with whom
I'll set no watch vpon you, and for proofe, off
This cursed picture I surrender vp
To a consuming fire.

Baptista. As I abuire
The practise of my art.

Sophia. Vpon this termes,
I am reconcil'd and for these that haue paid
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

Ladislaus. At your request they haue it.

Vbaldo. Hang all trades now.

Ricardo. I will find a new one, and that is to liue honest.

Hilario. These are my fee's.

Vbaldo. Pray you take 'em with a mischeefe.

Ladislaus. So all ends in peace now
And to all married men be this a caution,
Which they should duly render as their life
Neither to doate too much nor double a wife.

Exeunt Omnes

FINIS.